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THOMAS MANN

Krull in Defense of Love[1]

Impersonating the Marquis de Venosta, our hero embarks on a world tour and stops first in Lisbon, where he tarries longer than he had intended. On his way there he has made the highly edifying acquaintance of Professor Kuckuck, paleontologist and museum director, and it is to his home especially that Krull is now drawn by the twofold attraction of the ladies of the household: the mother, Dona Maria Pia, an exemplary Iberian, and her daughter Zouzou, a girl who combines a prudish attitude with extreme candor of expression. The pictures, of which occasional mention is made, are from the hand of the real Marquis de Venosta (Krull's double) and are amorous sketches of Zaza, his petite amie *in Paris—who is, in a sense, Zouzou's double.*

—TH. M.

WHEN I RECALL THE EXTRAORDINARY and elegant equipages that later were mine for a time—the gleaming victorias, phaetons and silk-upholstered coupés—I am touched by the childish pleasure I derived, during those weeks in Lisbon, from a barely decent rented carriage. By arrangement with a local livery stable, it was kept constantly at my disposal, so that the concierge of the Savoy Palace had only to telephone for it when occasion arose. Actually it was nothing more than a four-seated droshky with a folding hood which had probably served as a family carriage before being sold to the stable. The horses and harness were at least presentable, and for a small premium I arranged for the coachman to have an appropriate personal uniform—a hat with rosette, blue coat and top boots.

It was a pleasure to enter this carriage in front of my hotel, with a page holding the door open for me and the coachman bending down slightly from the box, as I had taught him, his hand at the brim of his top hat. A conveyance of this sort was an absolute necessity not only for outings and in order to take

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one's place in the procession of carriages in the parks and along the avenues—which I did for entertainment—but also in order to arrive with a certain elegance at those houses to which I was invited as a result of my evening at the Embassy and also, no doubt, as a result of my audience with the King. Thus Saldacha, the rich exporter of wines, and his extraordinarily corpulent wife invited me to a garden party at their magnificent estate outside the city; since Lisbon society was gradually drifting back from the summer resorts, many of its representatives were there. These I encountered again, less numerous and with some substitutions, at two dinners, one of which was given by the Greek man of affairs, Prince Maurocordato, and his classically beautiful but astoundingly forward wife, the other by Baron and Baroness Vos von Steenwyk at the Dutch Embassy. On both these occasions I was able to display my Order of the Red Lion and receive congratulations on all sides. On the Avenida I was continually exchanging bows, for my distinguished acquaintances were increasing in number; nevertheless all these relationships remained on a superficial and formal footing—or, to be more precise, I kept them so out of indifference since my true interests were concentrated on the small white house on the hillside and on the double image of mother and daughter.

I need hardly say that these came first rather than last in my list of reasons for securing the carriage. With it, I could invite them to drive out to such places of historic interest as, for instance, those whose beauty I had, by way of anticipation, praised to the King; and nothing gave me greater pleasure than to sit, my back to the driver, opposite those two: that august representative of her race and her enchanting child. Sometimes Dom Miguel would sit beside me, for he was occasionally free to accompany us, and he liked to serve as our instructor on visits to castle or monastery.

These weekly or bi-weekly drives and excursions were regularly preceded by tennis and a family luncheon at the Kuckucks. On the court I sometimes played as Zouzou's partner, sometimes as her opponent, and sometimes with others at a distance from her. My game quickly became more uniform: those sudden spectacular feats came to an end and, with them, my laughable exhibitions of ineptitude. I played a decent medium sort of game, although the presence of my beloved gave me the advantage of a

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sort of physical inspiration—if I may call it that—beyond the average. If only it had been less difficult for us to be alone! The dictates of southern convention were explicitly and disturbingly in our way. To call for Zouzou at her house and accompany her to the courts was not to be thought of; we met there. Nor was there any chance of taking her home alone: it was understood that others must always be present. A tête-à-tête in the house before or after lunch, in the drawing-room or anywhere else, was out of the question. Only when we were resting on a bench outside the wire enclosure of the tennis courts was there now and again an opportunity for private conversation. On these occasions she always began by mentioning the portrait sketches and demanding that I show them to her or, rather, that I hand them over to her. Without contesting her stubborn theory that she owned the drawings, I kept evading her demand on the plausible pretext that there was no safe opportunity of submitting them to her. In truth I was in doubt whether I would ever risk showing her those daring drawings, and I clung to this doubt as I did to her unsatisfied curiosity—if that is the right word for it—because the unrevealed pictures constituted a secret bond between us which delighted me and which I wished to preserve.

To share a secret with her, to have an understanding of our own—whether she liked it or not—seemed to me to have a sweet significance. And so I made a point of telling her about my social adventures before I recounted them to her family at table—and I also made a point of going into them more thoroughly, more intimately and with more comment so that later on I could look at her and see in her smile the memory of what we had previously discussed. An example of this was my meeting with the Princess Maurocordato, whose divinely noble features and figure made her conduct so unexpected—conduct that was by no means divine but more like that of a soubrette. I had told Zouzou how the lady from Athens had cornered me in her salon, had kept tapping me with her fan, showing the tip of her tongue between her lips, winking and making the most wanton advances—wholly unmindful of that dignity of deportment which, so one would think, the consciousness of classical beauty would naturally inspire in a woman. Sitting on our bench we discussed for some time this contradiction between appearance and conduct, and we came to the conclusion that either the Princess was at odds with

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her classical appearance, found it boring and showed her rebellion against it by her behavior—or that it was a matter of sheer stupidity and lack of awareness of, and respect for, oneself such as, for instance, a poodle might show, emerging snowy white from the bath only to find a mud puddle and roll in it.

All this I passed over in silence when at luncheon I described my Greek evening and the Princess's perfect figure.

"—Which naturally made a profound impression on you," said Senhora Maria Pia, sitting very straight as always, leaning neither forward nor back, her jet necklace and earrings trembling slightly. I replied:

"Impressed me, Senhora? No. On my very first day in Lisbon I was vouchsafed impressions of female beauty which I confess have made me unresponsive to further ones." At this I kissed her hand, smiling at the same time at Zouzou. That is what I always did. It was dictated by the double image. When I paid the daughter a compliment, I looked at the mother, and vice versa. The starry-eyed man of the house, sitting at the head of the small table, observed this byplay with vague benevolence, a testimony to the stellar distances from which he gazed. The reverence I felt for him was not one jot diminished by the realization that in my courtship of the double image consideration for him was wholly superfluous.

"Papa is always kind," Senhora Maria Pia had accurately declared. I believe that the head of the house would have listened with exactly the same benevolent inattention and absentminded kindliness to the conversations I carried on with Zouzou at the tennis court or on some excursion when we lingered behind alone; and these were unconventional in the extreme. They were so thanks to her axiom, "Silence is morbid," her phenomenal, altogether unconventional directness—and the subject to which this uneuphemistic bluntness was directed: the theme of love. To this, as we know, she had said, "Faugh." I had trouble enough on that account, for I did indeed love her and let her see it in various ways: she understood it too, but in what a fashion! This enchanting girl's idea of love was extremely odd and comically distrustful. She appeared to see in it something like the secret behavior of nasty small boys, professed to ascribe the vice called "love" entirely to the male sex and to consider that the female sex had nothing to do with it, felt not the slightest natural inclina-

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tion toward it, and believed that flirtations were begun exclusively by young men for the purpose of enticing girls into this unseemly behavior. I would hear her say:

"There you go again paying court to me, Louis." (Yes, it is true, she had begun to call me "Louis" sometimes when we were alone just as I called her Zouzou".) "Murmuring sweet nothings and looking at me imploringly—or shall I say importunately? No, I shall say lovingly, but that is the name for a lie. You look at me with those blue eyes of yours and, as you very well know, they, like your blond hair, contrast so very strangely with your dark skin that one doesn't know what to make of you. And what do you want? What is the purpose of your melting words and melting glances? Something that is unspeakably laughable and absurd, both childish and repugnant. I say unspeakably, but of course it is not at all unspeakable, and I shall put it into words. You want me to consent to our embracing, to agree that two creatures whom nature has carefully and completely separated should embrace one another so that your mouth is pressed against mine while our nostrils are crosswise and we breathe each other's breath. That's what you want, isn't it? A repulsive indecency and nothing more, but perverted into a pleasure by sensuality—that's the word for it, as I very well know; and the word means that swamp of impropriety into which all of you want to lure us so that we will go crazy and two civilized beings will behave like cannibals. That's the purpose of your flirtatiousness."

She stopped speaking and managed to sit quite calm after this outburst of directness, without any quickening of breath or evidence of fatigue. Moreover, it did not seem like an outburst but rather like simple conformity to the principle of calling things by their right names. I was silent, shocked, touched and troubled.

"Zouzou," I said finally, and for a moment I held my hand above hers without touching it, and then completed the gesture in the air, moving my hand above her head and downward, as though to shield her—"Zouzou, you distress me dreadfully when you use such words—what shall I call them, crude, cruel, exaggeratedly true and for that very reason only half-true, in fact not true at all—when you use such words to tear away the delicate mist with which my admiration for the charms of your person has enwrapped my heart and senses. Don't make fun of 'enwrapped'! I purposely, deliberately and intentionally said

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'enwrapped'—because I must use poetic words to defend the poetry of love against your harsh, distorted description. I beseech you, what a way to talk about love and its purpose! Love has no purpose, it neither wills nor thinks beyond itself, it is entirely itself and entirely inwoven in itself—don't scoff at 'inwoven', I have already told you that I am intentionally using poetic words —and that simply means more seemly ones—in the name of love, for love is essentially seemly—and your harsh words far outdistance it in an area that remains alien to love however familiar it may be with it. I ask you! What a way to talk of a kiss, the tenderest exchange in the world, silent and lovely as a flower! This unforeseen occurrence, happening quite by itself, the mutual discovery of two pairs of lips, beyond which emotion does not even dream of going, because it is in itself the incredibly blessed seal of union with another!"

I pledge my word that is how I spoke. I did so because Zouzou's way of dishonoring love actually seemed to me childish and I regarded poetry as less childish than this girl's crudity. Poetry moreover came easy to me in my baseless way of life. It was simple enough for me to say that love has no ulterior object and does not think beyond a kiss at most, because in my unreal state I could not permit myself to come to grips with reality and, for example, to woo Zouzou. At best I could set myself the goal of seducing her, but there were serious obstacles in the way: not circumstance alone but also her fabulous directness and her exaggeratedly literal notion of the laughable impropriety of love. Just listen to the retort with which she met my poetic sally.

"Patatípatatá!" she exclaimed. "Enwrapped and inwoven and the lovely flowery kiss! All sugar to catch flies, a way of talking us into small-boy nastiness! Faugh, the kiss—that tender exchange! It's the beginning, the proper beginning, *mais oui,* or rather it is the whole thing, *toute la lyre,* and the very worst of it. And why? Because it is the skin that all of you have in mind when you say love, the bare skin of the body. The skin of the lips is tender, you're right there, so tender that the blood is right behind it, and that's the reason for this poetry about the mutual discovery of pairs of lips: they in their tenderness want to go everywhere, and what you have in mind, all of you, is to lie naked with us, skin against skin, and teach us the absurd satisfaction that one miserable creature finds in savoring with lips and hands

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the moist surface of another. All of you do this without any feeling of shame at the pitiable ridiculousness of your behavior and without giving thought—for it would spoil your game—to what I once read in the form of a couplet in a book of spiritual instruction:

'However fair and smooth the skin
Stench and corruption lie within.' "

"That's a nasty little verse, Zouzou," I interrupted with a sad, disapproving shake of my head, "nasty, however spiritual it pretends to be. I'll accept all your crudity, but that verse you've just recited cries to high heaven. And do you want to know why? Yes, yes, I am sure you do want to know. And I am prepared to tell you. Because this villainous little verse is designed to destroy belief in beauty and form, image and dream, belief in every phenomenon which, because it exists in words, is necessarily appearance and dream. But what would become of life and what would become of joy—without which there can be no life—if appearance and the surface world of the senses no longer counted for anything? I'll tell you something, charming Zouzou: your spiritual verse is more blasphemous than the most sinful lust of the flesh, for it is a spoilsport, and to spoil the game of life is not only sinful, it is simply and entirely devilish. What do you say now? No, please, I'm not asking this to invite an interruption. I let you talk, however crudely you did so; and now I am talking nobly, and am inspired to do so! If things went according to that altogether malicious verse, then the only thing really and not just apparently admirable would be, at most, the inanimate world, inorganic Being—I say at most, for when you think of it critically there is a question about its soundness, too. One may well ask whether an Alpine sunset or a waterfall is especially admirable, more so than an image or a dream, whether it is as true as it is beautiful—that is, true in itself without us, without our love and admiration. Now some time ago by the mysterious process of spontaneous generation organic life emerged from lifeless, inorganic Being. That its inward processes and essence are not of the cleanest goes without saying. Indeed a smart aleck might say that all nature is nothing but mildew and corruption on the surface of this earth, but that is simply the wisecrack of a smart aleck and never, to the end of time, will it succeed in

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killing love and joy—the joy in images. It was a painter from whom I learned that. He painted the mildew with devotion, and was highly respected for it in the end. He used the human figure, too, as a model, as a model for a Greek god. Once in Paris, in the waiting-room of a dentist who made a small gold inlay for me, I saw a picture book entitled '*La beauté humaine*'. It was filled with pictures of the finest reproductions of the human figure painters and sculptors had made throughout the ages with devotion and with joy. And why was it so full of these glorious representations? Because at all times the earth has been full of fellows who paid not the slightest heed to your spiritual rhyme but saw truth in form and appearance and surface, and made themselves their priests and very often won dignity and fame for doing so."

I swear that's how I spoke, for I was inspired. And not just once did I speak thus but repeatedly, whenever opportunity offered and I was alone with Zouzou. Sometimes it was on one of the benches beside the tennis courts, sometimes during a walk when four of us—including Senhor Hurtado who would join us after luncheon—would stroll along the woody ways of the Campo Grande or between the banana plantings and tropical trees in the Largo do Príncipe Real. There had to be four of us so that I could walk alternately with the august half of the double image and then with her daughter. When I dropped back a little with Zouzou I could always find wise and noble words with which to combat her stupefying directness and her childish notion of love as the unappetizing vice of small boys.

She clung stubbornly to this conception, although once or twice she betrayed by a silent, inquiring, sidewise glance fleetingly directed toward me that she had been struck by my eloquence and partly convinced, in short that my zealous advocacy of joy and love had not completely failed of effect on her. There was one such moment, and I shall never forget it, when after many postponements we finally drove out in my carriage to the little village of Cintra. Under Dom Miguel's edifying guidance we had inspected the old castle in the village and then the citadels on the rocky heights with their far prospects. Finally we drove on to see the famous monastery of Belem (that is, Bethlehem) erected by the pious but ostentatious monarch, King Emanuel

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the Happy, in honor and memory of the highly profitable Portuguese voyages of discovery. To be honest, Dom Miguel's lectures on the architectural styles of the castles and monasteries—the Moorish, Gothic, Italian elements with an epilogue on the extraordinary effects of Hindu influence—went, as they say, in one ear and out the other. I had other things to think about, to wit how I could make love comprehensible to the crude Zouzou. When one is occupied with a human problem, nature and the oddest architectural monuments alike become nothing but decoration, nothing but superficially apprehended background for what is human. Nevertheless, I must admit that this fairyland of stone was not without its effect. The incredible, magic delicacy of the cloister of Belem, belonging to no time and like a child's enchanted dream, with slender towers and delicate columns in the niche-vaults, its fairytale magnificence cut out of lightly patinated white sandstone, so that it seemed this stone could be worked with the slightest of fretsaws to produce these gems of lacy openwork—all this, I say, truly enchanted me, imaginatively exalted my mind and certainly contributed to the excellence of the words I addressed to Zouzou.

We four had lingered rather a long time in the fabulous cloister, wandering around it repeatedly, and since Dom Miguel had no doubt noticed that we young people were not paying very close attention to his lecture on the King Emanuel style, he stayed with Dona Maria Pia, going ahead, and we followed at a distance which I did all I could to augment.

"Now, Zouzou," I said, "I imagine that in respect to this edifice our hearts beat as one. A cloister of this sort is something I have never come across before." (I had not come across a cloister of any sort before, and it was just chance that my first one was this kind of child's dream.) "I am very happy to inspect it with you. But let's come to an agreement about the right word to describe it. 'Beautiful'? No, that does not fit, although, of course, it is anything but unbeautiful. But 'beautiful'—the word is too severe and elevated, don't you think? We must take the meaning of 'pretty' and 'charming' at their highest, raise it to the *n*th degree and then we shall have the right term of praise for this cloister. For that's what it does itself: it is prettiness raised to the *n*th degree."

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"There you go babbling again, Marquis. It's not unbeautiful, but it is not beautiful either but simply extremely pretty. After all, what is extremely pretty is certainly beautiful."

"No, there is a distinction. How can I make it clear to you? Your Mama, for example. . ."

"Is a beautiful woman," Zouzou interrupted me quickly, "and I am pretty at most, that's what you mean, isn't it? You are going to use us to illustrate your silly distinction, aren't you?"

"You anticipate me," I replied after a measured pause, "and you somewhat distort my thought. It does indeed run along the lines you indicate, but not precisely. It delights me to hear you say 'we', 'we two' of yourself and your mother. But after I have enjoyed the combination, I divide you again and proceed to admire you separately. Dona Maria Pia is perhaps an illustration of the fact that beauty, to be complete, cannot entirely dispense with prettiness and loveliness. If your mother's face were not so large and severe and such a terrifying example of Iberian racial pride, but had instead a little of your loveliness, she would be a completely beautiful woman. As things stand she is not entirely what she ought to be: a beauty. You on the contrary, Zouzou, are prettiness and charm to perfection, raised to the *n*th degree, You are like this cloister. . ."

"Oh, thank you! I am a girl in the King Emanuel style, I am a capricious edifice. Many, many thanks. That's what I call gallantry."

"You're free to make fun of my sincere words, to distort them and to call yourself an edifice. But you mustn't be surprised that this cloister has touched my heart so profoundly that I compare you to it, for you, too, have touched my heart. I am seeing the cloister for the first time. You certainly have seen it often?"

"Yes, a few times."

"Then you should be happy to see it now in the company of a neophyte to whom it is all completely new. For that allows you to see the familiar with new eyes, the eyes of the neophyte, as though for the first time. One should always try to see everything, even the most commonplace, the most completely matter of fact, with new, astonished eyes as though for the first time. In this way it wins back its power to amaze, which has faded into matter-of-factness, and the world remains fresh. Otherwise

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everything fades—life, joy and amazement. Take love, for example. . ."

"*Fi donc! Taisez-vous!*"

"But why? You, too, have talked of love, repeatedly, in accordance with your doubtless correct principle that silence is unhealthy. But you have expressed yourself so harshly about it, quoting nasty little spiritual verses, that you make one wonder how it is possible to speak so unlovingly of love. You have so grossly omitted sentiment in talking about the thing called love that what you say is unhealthy in its turn, and one feels obliged to contradict you and, if I may say so, to set you right. When one looks at love with new eyes, as though for the first time, what a touching and altogether amazing spectacle it is! It is nothing more nor less than a miracle! In the last analysis, seen in the most comprehensive possible way, all existence is a miracle, but love according to my estimation is the greatest. Recently you said that nature had carefully separated and divided one human being from another. Very apposite and only too true. That's how it is and that's the rule. But in love nature has made an exception —a very marvelous one if you look at it with new eyes. Notice carefully that it is nature that admits this astounding exception or rather produces it, and if you take sides in this matter for nature and against love, nature will not thank you in the least; it's a *faux pas* on your part, you are taking sides against nature. I'll explain that, since I've undertaken to set you right. It is true: a man lives separated and divided from others in his own skin not only because he must, but because he does not want it otherwise. He wants to be as separate as he is because essentially he wants to be alone and cares nothing about others. Anyone else, everyone else in his own skin, is actually repulsive. His own person is the only thing that is not repulsive. That's a law of nature, I state it as it is. When he sits meditatively with his elbows on the table, his head in his hands, he may place a couple of fingers against his cheek and one between his lips. All right, it's his finger and his lips and so what of it? But to have someone else's finger between his lips would be insupportable, it would actually fill him with loathing. Don't you agree? Loathing in actual fact is the essence of his relation to others. When their physical presence becomes oppressive it is odious to him in the

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highest degree. He would rather suffocate than open his senses in proximity to alien bodies. Involuntarily he in his own skin takes every precaution, and it is only to spare his own sensibilities that he is considerate of others. Good. Or at any rate true. With these words I have sketched the natural, overall state of affairs briefly but accurately, and now I come to a paragraph in the speech I have especially prepared for you.

"For now something enters in through which nature deviates amazingly from her basic design, something through which man's whole fastidious insistence on separateness and on being alone in his own skin is annulled; the inflexible law that each is inoffensive only to himself is so completely wiped out that if one were to take the trouble to see it for the first time—and it is a duty to do so—he might find his orbs overflowing from amazement and emotion. I use the words 'orb' and 'overflow' because they are poetic and therefore appropriate to the subject. 'To shed tears' seems to me too ordinary in this context. One sheds tears when one gets a cinder in one's eye. But 'overflowing orbs' is on a higher plane.

"You must forgive me, Zouzou, if now and again I pause in this speech I have prepared for you and, as it were, begin a new paragraph. I am liable to digress, as here on the subject of orbs, and I must pull myself together again for the task of setting right your ideas. Well then! What is the digression on nature's part that, to the astonishment of the universe, wipes out the division between one person and another, between the *me* and the *you*. It is love. An everyday affair, but eternally new and, carefully considered, nothing short of miraculous. What happens? Out of their separateness two glances encounter each other in a way in which glances never meet at other times. Startled and forgetful of the world, confused and a little shamefaced at their complete difference from all other glances, but not to be lured from this difference for all the world, they sink into each other—if you wish, I will say plunge into each other, but 'plunge' is not necessary, 'sink' is just as good. There is a trace of bad conscience as well—the reason for which I shall not ask. I am a simple nobleman, and no one can demand that I solve the riddles of the universe. In any case it's the sweetest bad conscience in the world, and with this in their eyes and hearts these two who have suddenly been lifted above all classifications resolutely approach each other.

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They talk together in ordinary language about this and that, but both this and that are lies, just as the ordinary language is, and for this reason their lips as they speak have a slight mendacious twist and their eyes are full of sweet deceit. They glance at each other's hair and lips and limbs and then the deceitful eyes swiftly drop or wander abroad somewhere in the world where they have no business and see nothing at all, for these eyes are blind to everything except each other. These glances seek refuge in the world only to return promptly and all the brighter to the other's hair and lips and limbs, for these, contrary to all usage, have ceased to be alien and worse than indifferent, unpleasant, indeed repulsive because they are not one's own but another's, and have become the object of delight, longing, and a yearning desire to touch—an ecstasy of which the eyes anticipate, steal in advance, all they can.

"That's a paragraph in my speech, Zouzou, and I shall make an indentation. You are listening to me carefully? As though you were hearing about love for the first time? I hope so. Before long there comes the moment when these two privileged beings are sick to death of lies and all the to-do about this and that and the twisted mouths, and they toss all this aside as though they were already tossing aside their clothes and they pronounce the one true sentence, the only true one for them, in contrast to which everything else has been simply garrulous evasion: the words 'I love you'. It is a true fulfillment, the boldest and sweetest there is. Thereupon lips sink, or as one might say plunge, into one another in a kiss, an occurrence that is so unique in this world of separateness and isolation that one's orbs might well overflow at it. I ask you, how crudely you talked about the kiss, which is after all the pledge of that marvelous release from separateness and from the fastidious refusal to be interested in anything that is not oneself. I admit, I admit with the liveliest sympathy, that it is the beginning of everything that is to follow, for it is the astounding, silent declaration that closeness, ultimate closeness, closeness as unlimited as possible, just that closeness that otherwise is oppressive to the point of suffocation, has become the essence of all that is desirable. Through lovers, Zouzou, love does everything, exerts itself to the utmost, to make this closeness limitless, perfect, to raise it to the actual complete oneness of two

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lives, but in this, comically and sadly, it is never successful despite all its efforts. It cannot to this extent triumph over nature, for nature, despite the fact that it invented love, sides in principle with separateness. That two should become one does not happen to lovers, it happens beyond them, if at all, in a third being, the child, who emerges from their efforts. But I am not talking about the blessings of parenthood and the joys of family life; that goes beyond my theme and I shall not touch on it. I am speaking about love in new and noble words and trying to create new eyes for you, Zouzou, and to awaken your understanding to its touching miraculousness, so that you will not again express yourself so crudely about it. I do this by paragraphs because I cannot say it all in one breath, and here I make another indentation in order to say in the following as follows:

"Love, Zouzou my love, does not consist simply in the state of being in love where, amazingly, one physically separate body ceases to be unpleasant to another. Everywhere in the world there are delicate traces and intimations of its existence. When a dirty beggar child looks up at you on a street corner and you not only give him a few centavos but run your ungloved hand over his hair, although very likely there are lice in it, and you smile into his eyes as you do so, and thereupon walk on happier than you were before—what is that but a delicate trace of love? I will tell you something, Zouzou: this stroking of the child's louse-infested hair with your bare hand and the fact that afterwards you are happier than before, is perhaps a more astounding evidence of love than the fondling of a beloved body. Look about you in the world and look at Man as though you were doing so for the first time. Everywhere you will see traces of love, intimations of it, confessions of it on the part of what is separate and disinclined to have anything to do with another physical body. People shake hands—that is something very ordinary, everyday and conventional, no one thinks anything about it except those who are in love, and they enjoy this contact because as yet no other is allowed them. Others do it unfeelingly and without considering that it was love that originated the practice; but they do it. Their bodies remain at a measured distance—not too much closeness, on any account! But across this space separating two closely guarded individual lives they extend their arms, and the strange hands

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meet, embrace each other, press each other, and there is nothing in this but what is most ordinary, there is nothing of any special significance, so it seems, so one thinks. In truth, however, carefully examined, it belongs in the domain of the miraculous and is no small testimonial to the digression of nature from itself, the denial of the aversion of stranger for stranger, a secret trace of omnipresent love."

My dear mother in Luxemburg would certainly never have believed that I could possibly have spoken thus and would no doubt have put down my report of it as nothing but a fine fiction. But I swear on my honor that is how I spoke, for it just came to me. Perhaps the fact that I succeeded in making so original a speech is to be attributed in large measure to the extreme prettiness and uniqueness of the Belem cloister through which we were wandering; let that be as it may. In any case that is how I spoke, and when I had finished a very remarkable thing happened. Zouzou gave me her hand! Without looking at me, her head turned away as though she were inspecting the stone fretwork at her side, she put out her right hand—I of course was walking on her left. I took it and pressed it, and she responded to the pressure. In the same instant, however, she jerked her hand away and said with brows stormily gathered:

"And those drawings you took the liberty of making? Where are they? Why don't you finally produce them and hand them over to me?"

"But, Zouzou, I have not forgotten. I have no intention of forgetting. Only you know yourself there has been no opportunity. . ."

"Your lack of imagination in finding an opportunity," she said, "is highly pitiable. I see that I must come to the assistance of your ineptitude. With a little more circumspection and better powers of observation you would know without my having to tell you that behind our house—in the little garden at the rear, you understand—there is a bench surrounded by oleander bushes, more of a bower really, where I like to sit after luncheon. By this time you might know that, but of course you don't, as I have occasionally said to myself while sitting there. With the slightest degree of imagination and enterprise you would long ago have found an opportunity when lunching with us, after coffee, to

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act as though you were going away and actually to go a little distance, and then to turn about and come to find me in the bower, so that you could deliver your handiwork to me. Astonishing, isn't it? An idea of genius?—Or so it would seem to you. And so in the near future you will be kind enough to do this—will you?"

"I most certainly will, Zouzou! It's really as brilliant as it is obvious. Forgive me for not having noticed the bench under the oleanders. It's so far at the rear I never paid any attention to it. So you sit there after lunch all alone among the bushes? Marvelous! I'll do exactly as you say. I will publicly take my departure, from you too, and give the appearance of going home; instead of that, however, I will come to you with the pictures. I give you my hand on it."

"Keep your hand to yourself! We can shake hands later on after we have returned home in your carriage. Meanwhile there's no sense in our pressing each other's hands all the time."

[*Translated from the German by Denver Lindley*]

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EZRA POUND

Canto 88

It was Saturday, the 1st day of April, toward noon,
the Senate not being that day in session . . .
came to my room at Brown's asking was I
Mrs. Clay's blood-relation?
Prompt in agreeing to meet . . . exact in protesting Clay's
right to call him. "Col. Tatnall, the bearer,
is authorized . . ."

Was defiance of Adams, not Clay,
in the Senate speech, but to Jessup had said
He would waive privilege,
which constitutes a very palpable difference.
Vague report that he had said that Salazar's letter
bore ear-marks
("blackleg")
Which led to absolute challenge absolutely accepted,
By which time it had become "forgery"
(Jessup to Tatnall)
"Forged or manufactured"
(Tatnall quoting his principal: Charlotte jury
Wd/ find presumptive strong likeness
"in point of style" to other papers,
Not proof but suspicion, for which he declined to offer explanation.

Adams and Clay were for entanglement.
Right bank, which is in Virginia*
above bridge of the Little Falls
@ ten paces
*where there was a law against dueling.
I alone knew how he meant to avoid that.

I went to Clay's on the Friday, the youngest child
went to sleep on the sofa.

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Mrs. Clay, as always since the death of her daughter,
the picture of desolation
But calm and conversable.
Clay and I parted at midnight.

Saturday, Randolph's, Georgetown,
Could not ask him
but mentioned the child asleep on the sofa.
He said:
"I shall do nothing to disturb its sleep
or the repose of its mother,"
and went on making codicils for things of slight value;
To Macon, some english shillings to
keep game when he played whist;
Young Bryan sent back to school to
save him shock if . . . and so forth.
Wanted gold, coins not then in circulation,
sent Johnny to Branch bank to get a few pieces,
who returned, saying they had none.
"They are liars from the beginning. My HORSE!"
which was brought him, for he never rode Johnny's . . .
Down Penn. Avenue to what is now Corcoran, Riggs,
Johnny behind him @ 40 paces.

Asked for the state of his account. The teller
took up packages of bills and
asked in what size notes he wd/ have it.

"I want money."
Said Mr. Randolph.
The teller, beginning to understand him, said: "Silver?"
"My MONEY!" said Mr. Randolph.
"Have you a cart, Mr. Randolph?"
By that time the cashier
told him there was a mistake in the answer to Johnny
and that he shd/ have what he wanted.

He got it, and closed the account,
Returned and gave me an envelope
to open if he were killed,

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And a slip to read before I got to the ground:
to feel in his breeches pocket . . .
nine pieces, I think it was,
3 for me, Tatnall, Hamilton, each
to make seals as mementos.

We were all three then at his lodgings.
He and the seconds took carriage.
I followed on horseback.
(His (R's) stepfather
brought out a "Blackstone".)
The place was a thick forest in which a little
depression or basis.
Bellum perenne:
1694: on what it creates out of nothing
1750: shut down on colonial paper
Lexington
'64: "greatest blessing" said Lincoln.
1878: in circulation as currency.
Sangue, fatica in our time.
And there is, undoubtedly, blood on their silver,
Without honour men sink into servitude.

Responsible, or irresponsible government?
Minimum of land without surveillance,
And as to peerage:

I. Edward vi, c, 12

lords of parliament and peers of the realm, having place and voys in parliament may have benefit of their peerage, equiv/ that of clergy, for first offence, though they cannot read, and without being burned in the hand, for all offences then clergyable and also for housebreaking for robbery on the highways, horse stealing and robbing of churches. Hal. P.C. 377

The books of a scholar, his countenance (wainagium)
that of a villein.
That these are the Histories
OR
Thus recapitulate:

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That T'ang opened the copper mine
(distributive function of money).

Nothing on which he leans, the chuntze, under heaven
should have nothing on which he leans,
Or monopoly, Thales, common practice, but dirty.
Antoninus lent money at four percent
that being the summit of Empire
(Roman)
"Trying," he said, "to keep some of the
non-interest-bearing national debt
in circulation
as currency,"
one, eight, seven, eight
Mencius on tithing, 1878
PERENNE,
Cano perenne.
I believe the Dai Gaku.

Belascio or Topaze, and not have it sqush.
A "throne",
something God can sit on
without having it sqush;
With greek tags in his excellent verses,
Erigena
in reign of Carolus Calvus.
"Captans annonam
"maledictus in plebe sit."
That was Ambrose:
"Hoggers of harvest!"
Del Croix (properly):
"Always the same."

"Get the meaning across, and then quit." Said Baccin:
"That tree, and that tree,
"Yes, I planted that tree . . ."
Under the olives
Some saecular, some half-saecular
trees, conduits, cisterns, ad majorem . . .
Dum ad Ambrosiam scandet,
sacro nemori.

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altro che tacita
ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιστος, ἀνέστιος

To the all-men as to the Emperor.
Antoninus as apex, but on slavery and on bhoogery . . .
Not un-men, my Estlin, but all-men

as ching in the 4th tone

To respect the vegetal powers
Or "life however small" (Hindoustani)
Make him of wood with steel springs.

to act that, training the child as

shih, in the 1st tone.

Père Henri Jacques still
speaks with the sennin on Rokku.

"These people" said Mr. Tcheou "should
"be like brothers, They read the same books."
Meaning chinese and japanese.
That would have been about 1940.

Marse Adams done tol' 'em.
The Major done told 'em
(having a First Folio (Shx) in his lock-box
could afford waiting to see it).
"Every . . . etcetera . . .
"downright corruption." . . . "To the consumer."
Waal. They bust the abundance
and had to pay Europe. An'
Anatole tol' 'em:
"No export? No need to make war!
Ile des Pingouins.
So that Perry "opened" Japan.

Use of foreign coin until 1819.
exception Spanish milled dollars,
Every dealer occupied in exporting them, page 446
their exclusion an unconstitutional fraud . . .

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A currency of intrinsic value FOR WHICH
They paid interest to
NOBODY
page 446, column two
("Thirty Years", Benton)
Is suppressed in favour of fluctuation,
this country a thoroughfare.
OBEUNT, 1826, July 4.

Not battlements, but that the land go to the settlers,
Tariff. Monsieur de Tocqueville
may pass *in Europe* for American history.
Macon, Guilford. "Renewal has failed to achieve that end."
In England, salt tax overthrown.
Andy vetoed the Maysville Road bill. . . .
Unconvertible paper . . .
mines now yielding . . .
Prospects, as Peru, now ½ million per annum
and what is still better, have exports.
Geryon's prize pup, Nicholas Biddle.

Mr. Benton then proposed an amendment:
On imported indigo 25 cents toward
producing a home supply in a valuable staple
First planted in Carolinas, in or about 1740
encouraged by George, Number 2.
@ outbreak of revolution over one million pounds,
Britain then turned to India and the Carolinas'
product declined.
1814: 40 thousand.
Our manufacturers seek it, now seek it, abroad
and pay ready money @
two fifty per pound.
You cannot carry cloth without indigo.

Cotton, woolen, importation already 2 million a year,
And yet the South HAD four staples
(Sardegna 1954, query)

Rice, cotton, indigo and tobacco,
Has exported for 800 million,

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in value to ½ the gold coined in Mexico
from Cortez' time until now.

The tariff of 1816 murdered indigo.
Freemen do not look upward for bounties.
Freeholds. Mirza Mohammed on the persian Abbas' authority
"for production of barley, rice, cotton
free of tax or of any contribution whatsodam."
July 8, 1823.

Jackson 183 to 83 for Mr. Adams,
no jealousy in the North at that time.
Stay laws, stop laws, replevin,
And he had abolished the national debt.
Did not care for relieving one part of the country
by taxing another,
And New Orleans occurred in 1815,
Monsieur de Tocqueville
May pass in Europe for American history
in a foreign tongue. Guilford
Made Yorktown possible. In 1828 Macon retired.
Used plough and hoe until he was sixty
Γᾶν ἄφθιτον ἀκαμάταν ἀποτρύεται.
And to receive all guests in his house.
Drew a knife to defend Mr. Randolph.
Unnecessary duration of which (i.e. debt)
is incompatible with real independence.
Counteract profligacy public and private which
profuse outpouring is apt to engender.
Confirmed Martin van Buren, Jas Hamilton son of
the late General Hamilton, Ingham, Berrien, Barry.

For defence, not for conquest,
direct trade with the West Indies (124)
And at the foundation of the northwestern states
Nathan Dane drew it, excluding servitude
Save it were by the will of the serving.

ORDINANCE

passed not by the North alone.
Repeal of the salt tax

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And has already been shown by A.J.'s first message . . .
then vetoed the Maysville Road
To pull down, insufficient.

Willing to see a currency of hard money
(under circumstances
AT
that time)
As France since the time of mandats and assignats,
Filled France with metals
Having neither mines in her land,
nor yet exports
Which command others' specie.
Ours yield half a million per annum.

Our mines do,
and above mines we have exports.
His reference to Parnells, Humes, Ellices, Wm. Pultneys was
laid on the table, but printed.

"Was now acting as pawn-broker
on system entirely contrary to institution's intention."
Said Mr. Hume (Joseph)
"Privileges" sd/ Ellice
"which belonged to no other contraption."
Mr. Benton proceeding: "American
part of the stockholders, I
would not reply to foreign complaints."
Must have known this. They
have laid up real estate of three millions.
Peculiar privileges enabled them to make profits
—stockholders ought to be grateful—
@ 46 in the hundred.
SCIRE FACIAS
institution too great and too powerful,
The Vice President directed that Mr. Benton proceed.
Direct power prodigious . . . boundless emissions.
To whom is this power granted?
In a remote corner, a company.
By whom directed?
By seven, by four, none by the people elected
Nor responsible to them.

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Encroaching on the power of States
monopoly absolute.
Gt. Britain in '95, had been noted:
"Wish of the Court of Directors"
Political as well as pecuniary. Such
a bank tends to subjugate government;
It tends to collusions,
to borrow 50 and pay back one hundred,
It tends to create public DEBT.
1694: Loan One Million 200,000
Interest 80,000, Expenses 4.
GERM, nucleus, and is now 900 MILLION.

It tends to beget and prolong useless wars;
aggravate inequalities; make and break fortunes.
"To carry on trade of banking
upon the revenues
and in the name of the
United States;
to pay revenues to the
Government
in its own (the bank's own) notes of promise. To
Hold United States moneys
in deposit, without making compensation;
To discredit other banks and disparage 'em; to
hold real estate, and retain a
body of tenantry; to
set branches in States without their consent or approval;
to be exempt from liability if they fail;
to have the U.S. for a partner, and to have partners
outside the country;

To be exempt from regular administration of Justice
and to have all this in
MONOPOLY"
Yeas:
Barnard, Benton to 20
Nays: 23
Webster, Willey.
That it failed to produce a uniform currency,
Issued illegal and vicious paper
"payable at Philadelphy"

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tho' usually issued by remote and inaccessible branches
and so made into a local currency protected by distance
AND, being of small denominations,
lingered in the hands of labouring people
until through "wear and tear" it
became a large item of gain
(for the Bank).
It was invented by a scotch banker in Aberdeen
who issued his notes on London
and always of small denominations
So that no one wd/ take them there for redemption.
Mr. Benton asked leave . . .
Joint in character
against these orders as
currency . . .
"Are they signed by the President?
They are not.
"Are they under corporate seal?
Are they drawn in the name of the body?
"Are they subject, as credit, to time and amount?
They may exceed 60 days.
And no Treasury supervision.
"Has the holder the right to sue?
No Sir, but he is allowed to go
"at his own charge to Philadelphia, at his own cost.
"And as for the charter?"

Seven violations,
15 abuses.
These Mr. Clayton read to the house, not Polk,
Mr. Clayton
from a narrow strip of paper, rolled round his finger
so that the writing shd/ not be seen,
He not having had leisure to copy and amplify.

And
fifty
2
weeks

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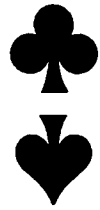

in
4
seasons

Canto 89

To know the Histories 書 , to know good from evil

And know whom to trust 經 , Ching Hao

Chi crescera
(Paradiso)
"of societies" said Emanuel Swedenborg.
Mr. Jefferson lining up for Louis Philippe,
a fact which shd/have been known to M. de Tocqueville.
Privilege to serve with King and Macon
& John Taylor of Caroline.

Entangling alliance with none . . .
would be from their cultivation,
That is to say: revenue from the waste lands would be.
Freedom not favoured by tenantry
compare as above Abbas Mirza
"wheat, cotton, barley" July, 1823
As to whether law cd/ be abolished by Indian treaty. . .
to which the enlightened classes had sunk.
Macon mentioned hillsides for grave yards.
Mr. Webster erroneous.
Obit Picabia. 2 Dec. '53
And paper could be left to the States.
Filled France with precious metals
when England with her overgrown bank . . .
and France had no mines for these metals. (187)

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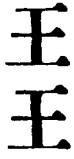
Public debt increased (England) 400 million.
Debt born of the Bank of England.
By paper when the Bank, on its own declaration
had not a shilling.

Profuse issues,
Sudden contractions.
By power of "construction"
construed.
Branch forced on Alabama,
trade in bills, Ersatz for produce (199)
Hence WAR, 30 years later,
Prototype in Threadneedle St. failed . . . overtrading.
Our OWN money lent 'em and WE
paid one and ½ million interest,
and more serious: the Political aspect.
As against its hug as well as its blow,
I speak of Sir William Pulteney.

Name for name, king for king



Foreigners own 7 million,
usury @ 46 in violation.
if beneficial, why not several?

Adams match for ½ the House till the last,
Randolph scourge of corruption.

"An advantage, Mr. Van Buren"
(Aukland at Talleyrand's)
2 buffer states and 3 dynasties,
Ca'our, tessitore.

Auctor: "Good God, you don't mean they're worse than the other gang?"
Borah: "Eh . . . . e . . . . N o.
I . . . eh . . . can't say that e . . . exactly. . . ."

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"Borrowing its own
(the Nation's own)
money."
Said Randolph of Roanoke.
"And paying interest."

Tariff promoted sectional feeling.
Excessive issues, all on public deposits,
Treasury wd/ pay one hundred cents on the $
for what cd/ be had for 60.
As Indian silver in our time
21, but the suckers paid 75.
Catron, I think it was, had shown horse-sense.

If our government must

sell monopolies!"
sd/ Andy Jackson
70 million,
mehercule ventum!
with bowie knives pre- not ex-officio.

Do our cottons, sold in Canton & Calcutty,
need such protection @ home?
And do not tax salt, said Aurelian.
Mr. Taney.
Burr did his job 20 years late.
Monsieur Vebbstair voulait lézarder

Ut moveat, ut doceat, ut dilectet
& J.Q.A. objecting to slavery
Roman law 2/3rds hogswoggled by same;
Old John on funding, old John, vide infra quite a way,
on depreciation
or being mercantile. . .
"And if the bills be bottomed . . ." sd/ Mr. Jefferson,
loc. cit. to Crawford, 1816.
From our own mines, metal

1824: 5,000 N. Carolina
1833: 868,000 (six states)

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and in '34 will probably be 2 millyum
and a greater source in our foreign commerce.
From Napoleon Consul "to this day '34
have been specie payments."

Mr. Hamilton set 15 to one, 15 silver one gold
when in Spain, Portugal it was 16,
From Natchez and N' Yoleans: doubloons
and to suppose metal will stay with us when the exporter
can gain one buck on every 15 carried out . . .
doubloons, guineas, half-Joes
and to depart from the great senator's most courteous language
6 suspensions till 1819,
exclusion of foreign coin part of the system:
a currency (foreign coin was) for which they paid tribute to no one.

OU TIS

Nothing in course of exchanges to
carry specie from Atlantic States to the West
Page refs/ to "Thirty Years View"
and as for the Adamses, Brooks and Henry,
they went back to their grandfather, dratt 'em,
and not back to old John.
Under heading DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES EXPORTED,

$

TWO MILLION oh five eight four seven four
. . . the highest and most delicate sovreignty . . .
tho charter forbade 'em dealin' in coin . . .
POWER vested not in one, but in 3 parts of government
Every city protect its own commerce
Gold: pontifex; silver wangled;
Bronze was to certain cities,
vid Mommsen
And sovreignty in the power to issue.
Benton's when? when there was metal.
Benton's why: no interest to be paid.
The Government ceases to be independent
when currency in @ will of a company.

page 450.1

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All property is at their mercy.
"I have a friend," said Voltaire.
Drove out not gods, but the Emperor, Imperator.
Remarked Del Mar:
"ratios in Rome and in the Orient."
Government wanted "of deposit, not circulation".

義 i⁴

Without historic black-out
they cannot maintain perpetual wars
Taney ('34) showed an increase
in all branches of revenue
Benton 1782, d. 1858.
"How often had they been told trade was paralyzed
& ships idle?

"Hid the books but cd/ not hide weekly statements."
"In specie and without interest.
Against which such a bank is a nuisance."
16 to 1 for above 300 years in the Spanish dominions.
Against Biddle one million and some chicken feed
for which no vouchers are found.
Levari facias. Louis Philippe suggested that
Jackson stand firm
and not sugar his language.
Public debt was extinguished. 1834

何 ho²

必 pi⁴⁻⁵

曰 yueh⁴⁻⁵

利 li⁴

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This quotation is not from Mr. Webster.
Clay opposed mints in New Orleans and North Carolina.
The Civil War rooted in tariff.
Philadelphia did not diffuse.
France had ten mints, and in Mexico there are 8,
Every citizen now more or less cheated.
Mr. B. said he had but two bank-notes
both of them counterfeit.
French currency had stood two revolutions, one conquest,
20 millions entered that country,
no interest was paid for its use.
Land not safe against "issue"
Crops not safe against "issue"
Sovreignty is in the right over coinage.
"All that it (the Bank) creates out of nothing."
600 banks to be broken,
Fictitious woe, and the Senate's organized sorrow.
"My fellow slave-holder"
sd/ Mr. Randolph
(masnatosque liberavit)
"Ef my bull-dog," said Mr. Bishop
to a co-detenuto, "had a face like yours, hang'd if
I wouldn't shave his arse and make him walk backwards."
And in the time of Mr. Randolph, Mr. Benton, Mr. Van Buren
he, Andy Jackson

POPULUM AEDIFICAVIT

which might end this canto, and rhyme with
Sigismundo.

Commander Rogers observed that the sea was sprinkled with
fragments of West India fruit
and followed that vestige.
Giles talked and listened,
more listened, and did not read.
Young Jessie did not forward dispatches

So Frémont proceeded toward the North West and
we ultimately embraced Californy.

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The Collingwood manned 80 guns.
"Those who wish to talk
May leave now," said Rossini,
"Madame Bileau is going to play."
"Trade,

trade,

trade!"

Sang Lanier.

Van Buren already in '37 unsmearing Talleyrand.
And the elderly Aida, then a girl of 16, in the 1890s,
visiting some very stiff friends in New England
giggled (and thereby provoked sour expressions)
when some children crossed the front lawn with
a bottle of water strung on a string between them
and chanting:
"Martin
van Buren, a bottle of urine".
Sagetrieb, or the
oral tradition.
"Ten men," said Ubaldo, "who will charge a nest of machine guns
for one who will put his name on chit."
"No dog, no goat,"
said Pumpelly.
Said Bonaparte: Imagination.
220 riflemen and 1 piece of artillery
"To environ us" said Mr. Dix.
"The irish are devout, moral, industrious"
he even said: sober.
Kit Carson sea-sick.
Ciudad de los Angeles.
That g sounded as h.
3 days with no food but rosebuds
Che tolgo lo stato.
Don Jesus broke his parole.
Guadalupe ('48) Hidalgo.

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Out of von Humboldt: Agassiz, Del Mar and Frobenius.
The wrong way about it: despair.
(I think that is in Benton.)
Randolph of Roanoke: Charlotte Court House, '32, '33
Henry's passion: fiddling, dancing and pleasantry
(Patrick Henry).
"We ought not to have turned you out,"
said some old crump to Van Buren,
"Great blackguard from Tennyssee, by name of Jackson."
"No auction of slaves here in the Capital."
Τὴν τῶν ὅλων ἀρχήν
Slave labour is very expensive.

But for Price, Sloat might damn well have lost it.
Quam poca sapientia regitur

Macaulay somewhat extravagant in conclusions,
Palmerston never expressing what he did not believe
"was pleased 25 years later to find him
@ the head of the government."
Jury from the vicinage.
And Disraeli sold the brit fools down the river.
It was a Tory not a Liberal who gave up the right of search.

Galileo from Mang tzu

caliginam vespertinam
πύρωσιν καὶ τῆς θαλάττης
"And here are Caleb Johnson and two others
as demure" (said T.H.B.) "as three whores at a christening."
That Calhoun called him a quadruped.
Firm taste for good company
evinced by both Benton and Mr. Van Buren,
and men even in our time (survivals)
as Domvile and degli Uberti
"His agreeable niece, La Duchesse de Dino".
Betrayed Mihailovitch, assassinated Henriot and Gentile,
"China, the longest, and with lowest per cent of bureaucracy"
200 years, said the Emperor, and no trouble.

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Benton: no trouble, no treaty.
"And mark me", wrote Cambreling,
"if S/- don't default in four years
"I'll swallow the Treasury."
Tazewell
wd/ see more fun pitching quoits than
standing round the Court of St. James
"Of great suavity and gentleness of deportment,
Mr. Van Buren".
An experiment on his nerves was resolved on,
Had Crab such crystal, winter were as a day.
You cannot make mariners out of slaves
and the mud, mud, said Guinicello.
Mr. Tyler

"even if an independent press cd/ be found to
attempt it,"
M. Hottinguer à Paris
Viscountess Barrington, Lady Bloomfield
defended by Thessiger and other eminent counsel
and they got 14 years transportation.
Sub-treasury was revived.
Louis Philippe wd/ not let them cut down their notes to 200.
From '34 to '41 our specie rose to 100 million;
"ad valorem" involving a host of appraisers;

Wright spoke to mind not to passions and
he it was brought in Polk.
Quidditas, remarked D. Alighieri
Under head of "medicine": whiskey, coal, harness,
hay, corn, stoves, beef & mutton,
δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν
Frémont, with small arms and one howitzer,
So that after two hours entered der Schwieger,
considered the family's low in intelligence:
"Was sagt er?"
Herr Marcher: "Der Jud will Geld."

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"Neither by force nor by fraud, that there be
no coercion, either by force or by fraud."
That is law's purpose, or should be.
swung the hung jury
'Αθήνη

tuan, there be four of them.

chen, beyond ataraxia
貞

From Charlemagne's grain price, Venice, Hansa,
to the forged Donation "of Constantine".
"Perché in ordine? mettere, vuol mettere le sue idee?"
asked Mussolini.
Thalers from Maria Theresa,
a road still there in Belgium;
The Emperor's furrow;
Antoninus: Law rules the sea,
meaning Lex Rhodi;
They mixed in money-rent and insurance,
This section is labeled: Rock Drill.
Wd/ have packed Hamburg with grain. Bülow believed him
And to young Windsor we owe three years peace.
"What he meant to *us* in *those* days"
said old Image (Selwyn) referring to Ruskin.
Tasso, Kidd, Raleigh, all jailed.
"My father (General Frémont) said that if anyone shot Napoleon
it ought not to be from his (Frémont's) window."
"My grandfather boosted Morse's telegraph."
"Pige moi le type," said old Gustave,
"qui vous peindra un fauteuil carthaginois."
Henry J. had Coburn take photographs;
"I need add nothing," wrote Van Buren, "to the description
by Col. Benton."
"Good-bye Tazewell, good-bye Van Buren"
that was Randolph.

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"On borrowed capital, very unmercantile"
said John Adams.
Judge Marshall, father of war;
Agamemnon killed that stag against hunting rites.
"Leave the Duke, go for gold."
And they forged those thalers in our time,
quest' oggi.
Brits did, nacherly Brits did.
"Benton has begun to understand me"
(Randolph).
In Venice the bread price was stable,
ship models still there in Danzig.
Alex said: Set up the tables,
any soldier's note will be paid.
Gold was under the Pontifex,
Caesar usurped that.
Bezants were stable until Dandolo broke into Stamboul;
there had been some arab uneasiness;
The forgery was from ignorance,
Valla found it.
12 to one, Roma, and about half that in Karachi /
and the Portagoose, as we cease not to mention,
uprooted spice trees;
Orage remarked on the "recession of power";
Uncle George said he knew when he came out
(Lodge, Knox) there would be one hell of a
row in the Senate:
(Offensive, defensive)
and there was one.
"50 mocking birds, 40 robins," wrote Randolph
and "construe all our liberties from us".
Mazzini: Doveri

N' Yoleans syrop proof 8
West Indies is @ 16 . . . .
not that I object to morality.
Yes, it was Catron, had already told Jackson.
"Shd/ have shot Clay and hung John Calhoun"
A. J.'s sole repentance.

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And of Antoninus very little record remains

semina motuum

Deluged the old hawk at Rip Raps,
Mr. Biddle pinching the baby.
"You damn sadist!" said mr. cummings,
"you try to make people think."

"Yes, Mr. Van Buren, the Bank IS
trying to kill me."
Mr. Taney's statement was never refuted. Aug. '33
And as to expunging?
that is, perhaps, prose.
You can find it in Benton.
Securing his (A.J.'s) admiration by the majesty
of his (Dante's) in'elect.
"No civilization" said Knittl,
"they got no stone". (Hroosia)
Make distress, on system, in order to use it.
"The angrier, the cooler he (Benton) became".
We have had one "assumption".
English debt could have been paid by the time of George Second.
They prefer to send it down to posterity.
And when "EXPUNGED", A.J. sent back the bullet,
which is, I suppose, part of the parliamentary history,
Dull, or not, as you choose to regard it.
I want Frémont looking at mountains
or, if you like, Reck, at Lake Biwa.

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FRANCIS GOLFFING

Interlude

And so I reached the well.
The waters rose and fell
Even as was their wont
When, priestess, by the font

Your tawny eyes, intent,
Watched for the sacrament
Capable to amaze
This moist autumnal haze.

With Julian under sod
The unforgiving god
Now scorns of his own will
To crown a vacant hill,

Nor, in the desperate night,
Shall the fond acolyte
Poised on the fountain's rim
Spy any sign of him.

Unless, beside these walls,
One afternoon there falls
His gaze on the long rest
Of gods unmanifest:

Immovable and stark
Protectors of the park
The Tuscan lions keep
Smiling as they sleep.

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WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE (ca. 1170-1230)

Under der linden . . .

Under der linden
an der heide,
dâ unser zweier bette was,
dâ mugt ir vinden
schône beide
gebrochen bluomen unde gras.
vor dem walde in einem tal,
tandaradei,
  schône sanc diu nahtegal.

Ich kam gegangen
zuo der ouwe:
dô was mîn friedel komen ê.
dâ wart ich enpfangen,
hêre frouwe,
daz ich bin saelic iemer mê.
kuster mich? wol tûsentstunt:
tandaradei,
  seht wie rôt mir ist der munt.

Dô het er gemachet
alsô rîche
von bluomen eine bettestat.
des wirt noch gelachet
inneclîche,
kumt iemen an daz selbe pfat.
bî den rôsen er wol mac,
tandaradei,
  merken wâ mirz houbet lac.

Daz er bî mir laege,
wessez iemen
(nu enwelle got!), sô schamt ich mich.
wes er mit mir pflaege,
niemer niemen
bevinde daz, wan er unt ich,
und ein kleinez vogellîn:
tandaradei,
  daz mac wol getriuwe sîn.

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translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Under the Lime-tree . . .

Under the lime-tree,
By the heath,
Where with my well-beloved I lay,
You can go and see—
Pleasant both—
Flowers and grass we broke that day.
Where the forest meets the dale:
Tandaradee!
  Sweetly sang the nightingale.

Here we were meeting;
But already
My well-beloved was waiting there.
Such was his greeting,
Gracious Lady,
That ever since I've walked on air.
Did he kiss me? Yes, and well:
Tandaradee!
  Look how red my lips are still.

With the wild flowers
There my love
Made a lavish bed for me;
This bed of ours,
Should you pass above,
Will make you laugh most heartily.
By the roses you can trace—
Tandaradee !
  Where my head lay in that place.

Had anyone seen us
Lying there,
(God grant none did!) I'd be ashamed.
What passed between us
Is our affair,
Never to be known or named
But by us and one small bird—
Tandaradee!
  Which may never breathe a word.

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Two Provençal Poems

Guillem Comte de Peitau: *Canso*

Ab la dolchor del temps novel
Foillo li bosc, e li aucel
Chanton chascus en lor lati
Segon lo vers del novel chan;
Adonc esta ben c'om s'aisi
D'acho don hom a plus talan.

De lai don plus m'es bon e bel
Non vei mesager ni sagel,
Per que mos cors non dorm ni ri,
Ni no m'aus traire adenan,
Tro qe sacha ben de la fi
S'el' es aissi com eu deman.

La nostr' amor vai enaissi
Com la branca de l'albespi
Qu'esta sobre l'arbre tremblan,
La nuoit, a la ploja ez al gel,
Tro l'endeman, que'l sols s'espan
Per las fueillas verz e·l ramel.

Enquer me membra d'un mati
Que nos fezem de guerra fi,
E que·m donet un don tan gran,
Sa drudari' e son anel:
Enquer me lais Dieus viure tan
C'aja mas manz soz so mantel!

Qu'eu non ai soing d'estraing lati
Que·m parta de mon Bon Vezi,
Qu'eu sai de paraulas com van
Ab un breu sermon que s'espel,
Que tal se van d'amor gaban,
Nos n'avem la pessa e·l coutel.

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Translated by W. S. MERWIN

GUILLEM COUNT OF POITOU: *Canso*

With the sweetness of the new season
Woods take leaf and birds begin
Each in peculiar tongue to sing
The phrases of a new refrain;
Then also is a man's desiring,
Even as these, made new again.

From there where stay my joy and pleasure
Comes no sealed note nor courier,
Wherefore I have no sleep nor laughter,
Nor do my feet dare move a pace
Till I know her intention, whether,
As I hope, her mind toward me is peace.

The fortune of our love is thus
As the branch of hawthorne is
That all night long among the limbs
Under ice and rain is shaken;
But morning to the branches comes
And green leaves glisten in the sun.

I remember one morning
We made an end of contending,
Then to me was she bountiful:
Her ring she gave me, and her love.
God, let me live a while, until
My hands beneath her garments move.

I give no thought to the rash whisper
That would part me from my Sweet Neighbor,
For I know how words move
And how brief speech goes wandering;
Let these others boast of love,
We keep both the knife and the carving.

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Lo Monge de Montaudon: *Plazer*

Molt mi platz deportz e gaieza,
condugz e donars e proeza,
e dona franca e corteza
e de respondre ben apreza,
e platz m'a ric home franqueza
e vas son enemic maleza.

E platz me hom que gen me sona
e qui de bon talan me dona,
e ricx hom quan no mi tensona;
e·m platz qui·m ditz be ni·m razona,
e dormir quan venta no trona,
e gras salmos az ora nona.

E platz mi be lai en estiu
que·m soiorn a font o a riu,
e·ill prat son vert e·l flors reviu
e li auzelhet chanton piu
e m'amigua ve a celiu
e loy fauc una vetz de briu.

E platz mi be qui m'aculhia
e quan gaire no·n truep fadia;
e platz mi solatz de m'amia,
baizars, e mais si loi fazia;
e si mos enemicx perdia
mi platz, e plus s'ieu loi tolia.

E plazon moi be companho,
cant entre mos enemicx so
et auze be dir ma razo
et ill l'escouton a bando.

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The Monk of Montaudon: *Plazer*

Game I enjoy, and gaiety,
Hospitality, bravery,
A frank pleasant-tempered lady,
An answer given cleverly,
In a rich man, sincerity,
And a plague take his enemy.

I like a man of kind salutation,
One who makes me gifts with good intention,
A rich man who gives me no contention,
Him who lends me good conversation;
I enjoy sleep when the wind is down,
And fat salmon in mid-afternoon.

And I am pleased, in summertime,
To tarry beside spring or stream
Among green fields—flowers in new blossom,
The small bird loud on limb—
And to have my lady, in secret, come,
And there make love with her, for a time.

I am pleased when one welcomes me
And when no disappointment takes me;
I am pleased with the favors of my lady—
Kisses, and what more she gives me,
With the losses of my enemy,
And more, when I do the robbery.

When among malice I am set down
I am glad for a companion
Who, while I have my say, will listen
And freely give me his attention.

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ROBERT GRAVES

Greek Myths and Pseudo Myths

A GREAT MASS OF ANCIENT BUT IRRELEVANT myths have become attached to the history of the Trojan War, which is romantically presented in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as fought for the liberation of Helen, Queen of Sparta, whom Paris, son of Priam, had seduced and carried away to Troy; but which seems to have been a war fought between the Mycenaean Greeks and the Phrygians for the control of the Black Sea trade.

*

Accompanied by Menelaus and Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, Agamemnon visited Ithaca, where he had the greatest difficulty in persuading Odysseus to join the expedition. This Odysseus, though he passed as the son of Laertes, had been secretly begotten by Sisyphus on Anticleia, daughter of the famous thief Autolycus.[1] Now, Odysseus had been warned by an oracle: 'If you go to Troy, you will not return until the twentieth year, and then alone and destitute.' He therefore feigned madness, and Agamemnon, Menelaus and Palamedes found him wearing a peasant's felt cap shaped like a half-egg, ploughing with an ass and an ox yoked together, and flinging salt over his shoulder as he went. When he pretended not to recognize his distinguished guests, Palamedes snatched the infant Telemachus from Penelope's arms and set him on the ground before the advancing team. Odysseus hastily reined them in to avoid killing his only son and, his sanity having thus been established, was obliged to join the expedition.[2]

Odysseus' pretended madness seems to be misreported. What he did was to demonstrate prophetically the uselessness of the war to which he had been summoned. Wearing the conical hat which marked the mystagogue or seer, he ploughed a field up and down. Ox and ass stood for Zeus and Cronus, or summer and winter; and each furrow, sown with salt, for a wasted year. Palamedes,

[1]Hyginus: *Fabula* 95; Homer: *Odyssey* xxiv. 115-119 and xix. 399-466; Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 12; Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* vi. 529.

[2]Hyginus: *loc. cit.*; Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* ii. 81; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 818; Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 7.

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who also had prophetic power, then seized Telemachus and halted the plough, doubtless at the tenth furrow, by setting him in front of the team: he thereby showed that the *decisive battle,* which is the meaning of 'Telemachus', would take place then.

*

Menelaus and Odysseus traveled with Agamemnon's herald Talthybius to Cyprus, where King Cinyras, another of Helen's former suitors, handed them a breastplate as a gift for Agamemnon and swore to contribute fifty ships. He kept his promise, but sent only one real ship and forty-nine small earthenware ones, with dolls for crews, which the captain launched as he approached the coast of Greece. Invoked by Agamemnon to avenge this fraud, Apollo is said to have killed Cinyras, whereupon his fifty daughters leaped into the sea and become halcyons. But the truth is otherwise. Their mother foolishly boasted that one of them, by name Smyrna, was more beautiful even than Aphrodite. The Goddess avenged this insult by making Smyrna fall in love with her father and climb into his bed at midnight, when her nurse had made him too drunk to realize what he was doing. Later, Cinyras discovered that he was both the father and grandfather of Smyrna's unborn child and, wild with wrath, seized a sword and chased her from the palace. He overtook her on the brow of a hill, but Aphrodite hurriedly changed Smyrna into a myrrh-tree, which the descending sword split in halves. Out tumbled the infant Adonis. Aphrodite, already repenting of the mischief that she had caused, concealed Adonis in a chest, which she entrusted to Persephone, Queen of the Dead, asking her to stow it away in a dark place. And when Cinyras realized what he had done, he killed himself.[3]

Cinyras' toy ships perhaps reflect a Cyprian custom, borrowed from Egypt, of burying terracotta ships beside dead princes for their voyage to the Otherworld. The fifty daughters who turned into halcyons will have been a college of Aphrodite's priestesses. One of her titles was 'Alcyone', 'the queen who wards off [storms]', and the halcyons, or kingfishers, which were sacred to her, portended calms.

The myth of Cinyras and Smyrna evidently records a period in history when the sacred king in a matrilineal society decided to prolong his reign beyond the customary length. He did so by celebrating a marriage with the young priestess, nominally his

[3]Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 9; Eustathius on Homer's Iliad xi. 20; Nonnus: *Dionysiaca* xiii. 451; Hyginus: *Fabula* 242.

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daughter, who was to be queen for the next term, instead of letting another princeling marry her and take away his kingdom. This was later misrepresented as incest. Myrrh was an aphrodisiac scent sacred to the goddess. 'Smyrna' is the same name preceded by the definite article. The coffining of Adonis refers to the sacrifice of a boy as surrogate for the King (see below).

*

Calchas the priest of Apollo, a Trojan renegade, had foretold that Troy could not be taken without the aid of young Achilles, the seventh son of Peleus. Achilles' mother Thetis had destroyed his other brothers by burning away their mortal parts, and he would have perished in the same way, had not Peleus snatched him from the fire, replacing his charred ankle bone with one borrowed from the disinterred skeleton of the giant Damysus. But some say that Thetis dipped him in the River Styx, so that only the heel by which she held him failed to be immortalized.[4]

Now, Thetis knew that her son would never return from Troy if he joined the expedition, since he was fated either to gain glory there and die early, or to live a long but inglorious life at home. She disguised him as a girl, and entrusted him to Lycomedes, King of Scyros, in whose palace he lived under the name of Cercysera, Aissa, or Pyrrha; and had an intrigue with Lycomedes' daughter Deidameia, by whom he become the father of Pyrrhus, later called Neoptolemus. But some call Neoptolemus the son of Achilles and Iphigeneia.[5]

Odysseus, Nestor and Ajax were sent to fetch Achilles from Scyros, where he was rumoured to be hidden. Lycomedes let them search the palace, and they might never have detected Achilles, had not Odysseus laid a pile of gifts—for the most part jewels, girdles, embroidered dresses and such—in the hall, and asked the court-ladies to take their choice. Then Odysseus ordered a sudden trumpet-blast and clash of arms to sound outside the palace and, sure enough, one of the girls stripped herself to the waist and seized the shield and spear which he had included among the gifts. It was Achilles, who now promised to lead his Myrmidons to Troy.[6]

Achilles hides among women, and takes arms in the fourth

[4]Apollodorus: iii. 13. 8; Ptolemy Hephaestionos: 6; Lycophron: *Alexandra* 178ff, with scholiast; Scholiast on Homer's *Iliad* xvi. 37; Scholiast on Aristophanes *Clouds* 1068; Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius: iv. 816.

[5]Apollodorus: iii. 13. 8; Homer: *Iliad* ix. 410ff; Ptolemy Hephaestionsos: 1; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 183.

[6]Apollodorus: *loc. cit.;* Scholiast on Homer's *Iliad* xix. 332; Ovid: *Metamorphoses* xiii. 162ff; Hyginus: *Fabula* 96.

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month, as befits a solar hero, when the Sun has passed the equinox and so from the tutelage of his mother, Night. Cretan princes were called *scotioi,* 'children of darkness', while confined to the women's quarters, not having yet been given their liberty by the priestess-mother. In the *Mabinogion,* Odysseus' ruse for arming Achilles is used by Gwydion (the god Odin, or Woden) on a similar occasion: wishing to release Llew Llaw Gyffes, another solar hero, from the power of his mother Arianrhod, he creates a noise of battle outside the castle and frightens her into giving Llew Llaw sword and shield. The Welsh is probably the elder version of the myth, which the Argives dramatized on the first day of the fourth month by a fight between boys dressed in girls' clothes and women dressed in men's—the festival being called the Hybristica ('shameful behaviour'). They had forgotten the reason for this custom and explained that, early in the fifth century, the poetess Telesilla, with a company of women, had contrived to hold Argos against King Cleomenes of Sparta, after the total defeat of the Argive army.[7]

The burning of Thetis's sons was common practice: the yearly sacrifice of boy-surrogates for the sacred king. At the close of the eighth year, the king himself died. But in some states, instead of letting himself be sacrificed when his reign came to an end, he retained one part of his kingdom, and bequeathed the remainder to his successors; subsequent kings insisted on a lifetime tenure of sovereignty. Medea similarly immortalized her sons at Corinth; and Demeter did the same at Eleusis for Demophoön, a brother of Triptolemus. Several early heroes had vulnerable heels, like Achilles, among them Paris, Talos of Crete, Mopsus the Lapith, Opheltes of Nemea, and Orestes, son of Oedipus. It seems that the pre-Hellenic sacred king was often put to death by having a venom-smeared arrow driven behind his Achilles tendon.

*

Before leaving Aulis, the Greek fleet received supplies of corn, wine, and other provisions from Anius, King of Delos, whom Apollo had secretly begotten on Rhoeo, daughter of Staphylus and Chrysothemis. Rhoeo was locked into a chest and set adrift by her father when he found her with child; but, being washed ashore on the coast of Euboea, gave birth to a boy whom she named Anius, because of the *trouble* she had suffered on his account; and Apollo made him his own prophetic

[7]Plutarch: *On the Virtues of Women* 4.

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priest-king at Delos. Some say, however, that Rhoeo's chest drifted directly to Delos.[8]

By his wife Dorippe, Anius was the father of three daughters: Elais, Spermo, and Ceno, who are called the Winegrowers; and of a son, Andron, King of Andros, to whom Apollo taught the art of augury. Being himself a priest of Apollo, Anius dedicated the Winegrowers to Dionysus, wishing his family to be under the protection of more than one god. In return, Dionysus granted that whatever Elais touched, after invoking his help, should be turned into oil; whatever Spermo touched, into corn; and whatever Ceno touched, into wine.[9] Thus Anius found it easy enough to provision the Greek fleet. Yet Agamemnon was not satisfied: he sent Menelaus and Odysseus to Delos, where they asked Anius whether they might take the Winegrowers on the expedition. Anius refused this request, telling Menelaus that it was the will of the gods that Troy should be taken only in the tenth year. 'Why not all remain here on Delos for the intervening period?' he suggested hospitably. 'My daughters will keep you supplied with food and drink until the tenth year, and then accompany you to Troy, if necessary.' But, because Agamemnon had strictly ordered: 'bring them to me, whether Anius consents or not!', Odysseus bound the Winegrowers, and forced them to embark in his vessel.[10] When they escaped, two of them fleeing to Euboea and the other to Andros, Agamemnon sent ships in pursuit, and threatened war if they were not given up. All three surrendered, but called upon Dionysus, who turned them into doves; and to this day doves are closely protected on Delos.[11]

Rhoeo, daughter of Staphylus and Chrysothemis ('Pomegranate, daughter of Bunch of Grapes and Golden Order') came to Delos in a chest and is the familiar fertility-goddess with her new-moon boat. She also appears in triad as her grand-daughters the Winegrowers, whose names mean 'olive oil', 'grain' and 'wine'. Their mother is Dorippe, or 'gift mare', which suggests that Rhoeo was the mare-headed Demeter. Her cult survives vestigially today in the three-cupped *kernos*, a vessel used by Greek Orthodox priests to hold the gifts of oil, grain and wine brought to church for sanctification. A *kernos* of the same type has been found in an early Minoan tomb at Koumasa; and the Wine-

[8]Dictys Cretensis: i. 23; Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* iii. 80; Diodorus Siculus: v. 62; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 570.

[9]Tzetzes: *loc. cit.*; Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 10; Ovid: *Metamorphoses* xiii. 650ff; Servius: *loc. cit.*

[10]Stesichorus, quoted by scholiast on Homer's *Odyssey* vi. 164; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 583; Servius: *loc. cit.*; Pherecydes, quoted by Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 570.

[11]Ovid: *Metamorphoses* 643-674; Servius: *loc. cit.*

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growers, being great-grandchildren of Ariadne, must have come to Delos from Crete. The dove was sacred on Delos because the Cretan Dove-goddess had once been supreme there.

*

At Aulis, while Agamemnon was sacrificing to Zeus and Apollo, a blue serpent with blood-red markings on its back darted from beneath the altar, and made straight for a fine plane-tree which grew near by. On the highest branch lay a sparrow's nest, containing eight young birds and their mother: the serpent devoured them all and then, still coiled around the branch, was turned to stone, by Zeus. Calchas explained this portent as strengthening Anius' prophecy: nine years must pass before Troy could be taken, but taken it would be. Zeus further heartened them all with a flash of lightning on their right, as the fleet set sail.[12]

No commentator has hitherto troubled to explain precisely why Calchas' nest of birds should have been set on a plane-tree and devoured by a serpent; but the fact is that serpents cast their slough each year and renew themselves, and so do plane-trees—which makes them both symbols of regeneration. Calchas therefore knew that the birds which were devoured stood for years, not months. Though later appropriated by Apollo, the plane was the Goddess' sacred tree in Crete and Sparta, because its leaf resembled a green hand with the fingers stretched out to bless—a gesture frequently found in her archaic statuettes. The blue spots on the serpent showed that it was sent by Zeus, who wore a blue nimbus as god of the sky.

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At what point the Greeks sent Priam envoys to demand the return of Helen and of Menelaus' property, is disputed. Some say, soon after the expedition had landed in the Troad; others, before the ships assembled at Aulis; but it is commonly held that the embassy, consisting of Menelaus, Odysseus and Palamedes, went ahead from Tenedos.[13] The Trojans, however, being determined to keep Helen, would have murdered them all had not Antenor, in whose house they were lodging, forbidden the shameful deed.[14]

Vexed by this obduracy, the Greeks sailed from Tenedos and beached their ships within sight of Troy. The Trojans at once flocked down to the sea and tried to repel the invaders with showers of stones. Then,

[12]Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 15; Homer: *Iliad* ii. 303-353; Ovid: *Metamorphoses* xii. 13-23.
[13]*Cypria*, quoted by Proclus: *Chrestomathy* i; Tzetzes: *Antehomerica* 154ff; Scholiast on Homer's *Iliad* iii. 206.
[14]Dictys Cretensis: i. 4; Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 28-29; Homer: *Iliad* iii. 207.

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while all the others hesitated—even Achilles, whom Thetis had warned that the first to land would be the first to die—Protesilaus leaped ashore, killed a number of Trojans, and was struck dead by Hector; or it may have been Euphorbus; or Aeneas's friend Achates.[15]

This Protesilaus, an uncle of Philoctetes, and son of that Iphiclus whom Melampus cured of impotence, had been called Iolaus, but was renamed from the circumstance of his death.[16] He lies buried in the Thracian Chersonese, near the city of Elaeus, where he is now given divine honours. Tall elm-trees, planted by the nymphs, stand within his precinct and overshadow the tomb. The boughs which face Troy across the sea burst early into leaf, but presently go bare; while those on the other side are still green in winter time. When the elms grow so high that the walls of Troy can be clearly discerned by a man posted in their upper branches, they wither; saplings, however, spring again from the roots.[17]

Protesilaus' wife Laodameia, daughter of Acastus (whom some call Polydora daughter of Meleager), missed him so sadly that as soon as he sailed for Troy she made a brazen, or wax, statue of him and laid it in her bed. But this was poor comfort, and when news came of his death, she begged the gods to take pity and let him revisit her, if only for three hours. Almighty Zeus granted Laodameia's request, and Hermes brought up Protesilaus' ghost from Tartarus to animate the statue. Speaking with its mouth, Protesilaus then adjured her not to delay in following him, and the three hours had no sooner ended than she stabbed herself to death in his embrace.[18] Others say that Laodameia's father Acastus forced her to remarry, but that she spent her nights with Protesilaus' statue until one day a servant, bringing apples for a dawn sacrifice, looked through a chink in the bedroom-door and saw her embracing what he took to be a lover. He ran and told Acastus who, bursting into the room, discovered the truth. Rather than that she should torture herself by fruitless longing, Acastus ordered the statue to be burned; but Laodameia threw herself into the flames and perished with it.[19]

Achilles was the second Greek to land on the Trojan shore, closely followed by his Myrmidons, and killed Cycnus son of Poseidon with a well-flung stone. Thereupon the Trojans broke and fled back to their city, while the remainder of the Greeks disembarked and pressed mur-

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[15]Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 29-30; Hyginus: *Fabula* 103; Eustathius on Homer pp. 325-326.

[16]Hyginus: *loc. cit.*; Eustathius on Homer p. 245.

[17]Pausanias: i. 34. 2; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 532-533; Philostratus: *Heroica* iii. 1; Quintus Smyrnaeus: *Posthomerica* vii. 408ff; Pliny: *Natural History* xvi. 88.

[18]Hyginus: *Fabulae* 103 and 104; *Cypria*, quoted by Pausanias: iv. 2. 5; Ovid: *Heroides* xiii. 152; Eustathius on Homer p. 325; Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 30; Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* vi. 447.

[19]Eustathius on Homer: *loc. cit.*; Hyginus: *Fabula* 104.

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derously on the rout. According to another account, Achilles, mindful of Protesilaus' fate, was the very last to land, and then took such a prodigious leap from his ship that a spring gushed out where his feet struck the shore. In the ensuing battle, it is said, Cycnus, who was invulnerable, killed Greeks by the hundred; but Achilles, after trying sword and spear against him in vain, battered furiously at his face with the hilt of his sword, forced him backwards until he tripped over a stone, then knelt on his breast and strangled him with the straps of his helmet; however, Poseidon turned his spirit into a swan, which flew away. The Greeks then laid seige to Troy and drew up their ships behind a stockade.[20]

The elm-tree does not form part of the secret tree-alphabet attributed to Orpheus, and is mainly associated with the Dionysus cult, since the Greeks trained vines on elm-saplings; but elms were planted by nymphs around the tombs of Protesilaus and his comrade Eëtion, presumably because the leaves and bark served as vulneraries,[21] and promised to be even more efficacious if taken from the graves of princes who had succumbed to many wounds.

Laodameia's perverse attachment to Protesilaus' statue may have been deduced from a sacred-wedding icon: in some Hittite marriage-seals, the recumbent king is carved so stiffly that he looks like a statue. The apples brought by a servant, and Acastus' sudden entry, suggest that the scene portrayed a queen's betrayal of a king to her lover the tanist, who cuts the fatal apple containing his soul—as in the Irish legend of Cuchulain, Dechtire and Curoi.

At Tenedos, on the voyage to Troy, Achilles had killed another Cycnus, a son of Tenes; Heracles killed a third, and was prevented by Zeus from killing a fourth. The name implied that swans conveyed these royal souls to the Northern Paradise. When Apollo appears in ancient works of art riding on swan-back, or in a chariot drawn by swans[22] on a visit to the Hyperboreans, this is a polite way of depicting his representative's annual death at midsummer. Singing swans then fly north to their breeding grounds in the Arctic circle, and utter two trumpet-like notes as they go; which is why Pausanias[23] says that swans are versed in the Muses'

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[20]Apollodorus: *Epitome* iii. 31; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 245; Ovid: *Metamorphoses* xii. 70-145.

[21]Pliny: *Natural History* xxiv. 33.

[22]Overbeck: *Griechische Kunstmythologie.*

[23]i. 30. 3.

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craft. 'Swans sing before they die': the sacred king's soul departs to the sound of music.

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Priam had by now persuaded his half-brother, Tithonus of Assyria, to send his son Memnon the Ethiopian to Troy; the bribe he offered was a golden vine.[24] A so-called palace of Memnon is shown in Ethiopia, although when Tithonus emigrated to Assyria and founded Susa, Memnon, then only a child, had gone with him. Susa is now commonly known as the City of Memnon; and its inhabitants as Cissii, after Memnon's mother Cissia. His palace on the Susian Acropolis was standing until the time of the Persians.[25]

Tithonus governed the province of Persia for the Assyrian King Teutamus, Priam's overlord, who put Memnon in command of a thousand Ethiopians, a thousand Susians, and two hundred chariots. The Phrygians still show the rough, straight road, with camp-sites every fifteen miles or so, by which Memnon, after he had subjugated all the intervening nations, marched to Troy. He was black as ebony, but the handsomest man alive, and like Achilles wore armour forged by Hephaestus.[26] Memnon killed several Greek champions, until he fell by the hand of Achilles.

Eos, who is described as Memnon's mother, implored Zeus to confer immortality upon him and some further honour as well. A number of phantom hen-birds, called Memnonides, were consequently formed from the embers and smoke of his pyre, and rising into the air, flew three times around it. At the fourth circuit they divided into two flocks, fought with claws and beaks, and fell down upon his ashes as a funeral sacrifice. Memnonides still fight and fall at his tomb when the Sun has run through all the signs of the Zodiac.[27]

According to another tradition, these birds are Memnon's girl companions, who lamented for him so excessively that the gods, in pity, metamorphosed them into birds. They make an annual visit to his tomb, where they weep and lacerate themselves until some of them fall dead. The Hellespontines say that when the Memnonides visit Memnon's grave beside the Hellespont, they use their wings to sprinkle it with water from the River Aesepus; and that Eos still weeps tears of dew for him every morning. Polygnotus has pictured Memnon facing his rival Sarpedon and dressed in a cloak embroidered with these birds. The

[24]Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* i. 493; Apollodorus: iii. 12. 4 and *Epitome* v. 3.

[25]Diodorus Siculus: ii. 22; Pausanias: i. 42. 2; Herodotus: v. 54; Strabo: xv. 3. 2; Aeschylus, quoted by Strabo: *loc. cit.*

[26]Diodorus Siculus: *loc. cit.*; Pausanias: x. 31. 2; Ovid: *Amores* i. 8. 3-4; Homer: *Odyssey* xi. 522; Arctinus, quoted by Proclus: *Chrestomathy* 2.

[27]Apollodorus: iii. 12. 4; Arctinus of Miletus: *Aethiopia*, quoted by Proclus: *Chrestomathy* 2; Ovid: *Metamorphoses* xiii. 578ff.

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gods are said to observe the anniversaries of both their deaths as days of mourning.[28]

Achilles in his birth, youth and death is mythologically acceptable as the ancient Pelasgian sacred king, destined to become the 'lipless' oracular hero. He is as distinct from the historic Achilles who fought at Troy as the mystical Arthur of the *Red Book of Hergest* is from the fifth-century British King of the same name. His mythic opponent bore various names, such as 'Hector' and 'Paris' and 'Apollo'. Here it is Memnon, son of Cissia. Achilles' duel with Memnon, each supported by his mother, was carved on the Chest of Cypselus,[29] and on the throne of Apollo at Amyclae;[30] besides figuring in a large group by the painter Lycius, which the inhabitants of Apollonia dedicated at Olympia.[31] These two represent sacred king and tanist—Achilles, son of the Sea-goddess, bright Spirit of the Waxing Year: Memnon, son of the Ivy-goddess, dark Spirit of the Waning Year, to whom the golden vine is sacred. They kill each other alternately, at the winter and summer solstices; the king always succumbs to a heel-wound, his tanist is beheaded with a sword. Achilles was widely worshipped as a hero; and the non-Homeric story of his betrayal by Polyxena, who wormed from him the secret of his vulnerable heel, places him beside Llew Llaw, Cuchulain, Samson, and other Bronze Age heroes.

Because Memnon came from the East to help Priam, he was styled 'the son of Eos' ('dawn'); and because he needed a father, Eos's lover Tithonus seemed the natural choice. A fight at the winter solstice between girls in bird-disguise, which Ovid records, is a more likely explanation of the Memnonides than that they are fanciful embodiments of sparks flying up from a corpse on the pyre; the fight will originally have been for the high-priestesship, in the Libyan style recorded by Herodotus.

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Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, whose arrival at Troy decided the war in favour of the Greeks, came to an inglorious end. Going to Delphi, he demanded satisfaction for the death of his father Achilles,

[28]Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* i. 755, and 493; Pausanias: x. 31. 2; Scholiast on Aristophanes' *Clouds* 622.

[29]Pausanias: v. 19. 1.

[30]Pausanias: iii. 18. 7.

[31]Pausanias: v. 22. 2.

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whom Apollo, disguised as Paris, was said to have shot in his temple at Troy. When the Pythoness coldly denied him this, he plundered and burned the shrine. Next he went to Sparta, and claimed that Menelaus had betrothed Hermione to him before Troy; but that her grandfather Tyndareus had instead given her to Agamemnon's son Orestes. Orestes now being driven mad by the Erinnyes, and under a divine curse, it was only just, he argued, that Hermione should become his wife. Despite Orestes' protests, the Spartans granted his plea, and the marriage took place at Sparta. Hermione, however, proving barren, Neoptolemus returned to Delphi and, entering the smoke-blackened sanctuary, which Apollo had decided to rebuild, asked why this should be.[32]

He was ordered to offer placatory sacrifices to the god and, while doing so, met Orestes at the altar. Orestes would have killed him then and there, had not Apollo, foreseeing that Neoptolemus must die by another hand that very day, prevented it. Now, the flesh of the sacrifices offered to the god at Delphi has always been a perquisite of the temple servants; but Neoptolemus, in his ignorance, could not bear to see the fat carcasses of the oxen which he had slaughtered being hauled away before his eyes, and tried to prevent it by force. 'Let us be rid of this troublesome son of Achilles!' said the Pythoness shortly; whereupon one Machaerus, a Phocian, cut down Neoptolemus with his sacrificial knife.

'Bury him beneath the threshold of our new sanctuary,' she commanded. 'He was a famous warrior, and his ghost will guard it against all attacks. And if he has truly repented of his insult to Apollo, let him preside over processions and sacrifices in honour of heroes like himself.'[33]

To bury a young warrior under a temple threshold was common practice, and since Neoptolemus had burned the old shrine at Delphi, the Pythoness naturally chose him as her victim when a new building was planted on its ruins. . . . Neoptolemus' end recalls those of Cleobis and Biton; and of Agamedes and Trophonius.

Cleobis and Biton, two young Argives, were the sons of Hera's priestess at Argos. When the time came for her to perform the rites of the goddess, and the white oxen which were to draw her sacred chariot had not yet arrived from the pasture, Cleobis and Biton,

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[32]Homer: *Odyssey* iv. 1-9; Apollodorus: *Epitome* vi. 13-14; Euripides: *Andromache* 967-981; Hyginus: *Fabula* 123; Eustathius on Homer's *Odyssey* iv. 3; Philoclis, quoted by scholiast on Euripides' *Andromache* 32; Ovid: *Heroides* viii. 31ff; *Fragments of Sophocles* ii. 441ff, ed. Pearson; Pausanias: x. 7. 1.

[33]Homer: Odyssey iv. 1-9; Apollodorus: *Epitome* vi. 13-14; Euripedes: *Andromache* 967-981; Hyginus: *Fabula* 123; Eustathius on Homer's *Odyssey* iv. 3; Philoclis, quoted by scholiast on Euripides *Andromache* 32; Ovid: *Heroides* viii. 31ff; *Fragments of Sophocles* ii. 441ff, ed. Pearson; Pausanias: x. 7. 1; Pindar: *Nemean Odes* vii. 50-70, with scholiast.

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harnessing themselves to the chariot, dragged it to the temple, a distance of nearly five miles. Pleased with their filial devotion, the priestess prayed that the goddess would grant them the best gift she could bestow on mortals; and when she had performed her rites, they went to sleep in the temple, never to wake again.[34]

A similar gift was granted to Agamedes and Trophonius, sons of Erginus. These twins had built a stone threshold upon foundations laid by Apollo himself for his temple at Delphi. His oracle told them: 'Live merrily and indulge yourselves in every pleasure for six days; on the seventh, your heart's desire shall be granted.' On the seventh day both were found dead in their beds. Hence it is said: 'Those whom the gods love die young.'[35]

Trophonius was later awarded an oracle of his own at Lebadeia in Boeotia.[36]

The myth of Cleobis and Biton refers to the human sacrifices offered when a new temple was dedicated to the Moon-goddess. At Argos, twin brothers were, it seems, chosen as surrogates for the co-kings, and harnessed to a moon-chariot in place of the white bulls, the usual sacrifice. They will have been buried under the temple threshold to keep away hostile influences; perhaps this was why the twins Castor and Polydeuces were sometimes called Oebalides, which may mean 'sons of the temple threshold' rather than 'of the speckled sheep-skin'. Apollo's priests evidently adopted this practice at Delphi, although they denied the Moon-goddess, to whom the sacrifice should have been made, any foothold in the temple. The seventh day, which was sacred to the Titan Cronus (and to Cronian Jehovah a Jerusalem) had repose as its planetary function; but 'repose' signified death in the Goddess' honour—hence the hero-oracle awarded to Trophonius.

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To understand the myth of Demophon and Phyllis, which figures in the 'Returns from Troy' cycle, one must study the story of Pandora's box as told by Hesiod:

Prometheus, the creator of mankind, whom some include among the seven Titans, was the son either of the Titan Eurymedon, or of Iapetus by the nymph Clymene; and his brothers were Epimetheus, Atlas and

[34]Herodotus: i. 31; Pausanias: ii. 20. 2.

[35]Pindar, quoted by Plutarch: *Consolation to Apollonius* 14; *Homeric Hymn to Apollo* 244-299; Menander: *Fragments of Greek Comedy* iv. 105, ed. Meinecke.

[36]Herodotus: i. 46; Euripides: *Ion* 300.

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Menoetius. When Prometheus first appeared no mortal man existed, but he formed them in the likeness of gods, using clay and water of Phocian Panopeus; and Athene breathed life into them.[37]

He was indeed, the wisest of his race, and Athene, at whose birth from Zeus's head he had assisted, taught him architecture, astronomy, mathematics, navigation, medicine, metallurgy and other useful arts, which he passed on to mankind. But Zeus, who had decided to extirpate the whole race of man, and spared them only at Prometheus' urgent plea, grew angry at their increasing powers and talents.[38]

One day, when a dispute took place at Sicyon, as to which portion of a sacrificial bull should be offered to the gods, and which should be reserved for men, Prometheus was invited to act as arbiter. He therefore flayed and jointed a bull, and sewed its hide into two open-mouthed bags, filling these with what he had cut up. One bag contained all the flesh, hidden beneath the stomach—the least tempting part of any animal; and the other contained the bones, hidden beneath a rich layer of fat. When he offered Zeus the choice of either, Zeus, easily deceived, chose the bag containing the bones and fat (which are still the divine portion); but punished Prometheus, who was laughing at him behind his back, by withholding fire from mankind. 'Let them eat their flesh raw!' he cried.[39]

Prometheus at once went to Athene, with a plea for a backstairs admittance to Olympus; and this she granted. On his arrival, he lighted a torch at the fiery chariot of the Sun and presently broke from it a fragment of glowing charcoal, which he thrust into the pithy hollow of a giant fennel-stalk. Then, extinguishing his torch, he stole away undiscovered, and gave fire to mankind.[40]

Zeus swore revenge. He ordered Hephaestus to make a clay woman, and the four Winds to breathe life into her. This woman, Pandora, the most beautiful ever created, Zeus sent as a gift to Epimetheus, under Hermes' escort. But Epimetheus, having been warned by his brother to accept no gift from Zeus, respectfully excused himself. Now angrier even than before, Zeus had Prometheus chained naked to a pillar in the Caucasian mountains, where a greedy vulture tore at his liver all day, year in, year out; and there was no end to the pain, because every night (during which Prometheus was exposed to cruel frost and cold) his liver grew whole again.

But Zeus, loath to confess that he had been vindictive, excused his

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[37]Eustathius on Homer, p. 987; Hesiod: *Theogony* 507ff; Apollodorus: i. 2. 3; Pausanias: x. 4. 3.

[38]Aeschylus: *Prometheus Bound* 218, 252, 445ff, 478ff and 228-236.

[39]Hesiod: *Theogony* 521-564; Lucian: *Dialogues of the Gods* 1 and *Prometheus on Caucasus* 3.

[40]Servius on Virgil's *Eclogues* vi. 42.

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savagery by circulating a falsehood: Athene, he said, had invited Prometheus to Olympus for a secret love affair.

Epimetheus, alarmed by his brother's fate, hastened to marry Pandora, whom Zeus had made as foolish, mischievous and idle as she was beautiful—the first of a long line of such women. Presently she opened a box, which Prometheus had warned Epimetheus to keep closed, and in which he had been at pains to imprison all the Spites that might plague mankind: such as Old Age, Labour, Sickness, Insanity, Vice and Passion. Out these flew in a cloud, stung Epimetheus and Pandora in every part of their bodies, and then attacked the race of mortals. Delusive Hope, however, whom Prometheus had also shut in the box, discouraged them by her lies from a general suicide.[41]

Prometheus' name 'forethought', may originate in a Greek misunderstanding of the Sanskrit word *pramantha*, the swastika, or fire-drill, which he had supposedly invented; since Zeus Prometheus at Thurii was shown holding a fire-drill. Prometheus, the Indo-European folk-hero, became confused with the Carian hero Palamedes, the inventor or distributor of all civilized arts (under the eye of the Goddess Athene); and with the Babylonian god Marduk, who claimed to have created man under the eye of the goddess Aruru. The brothers Pramanthu and Manthu, who occur in the *Bhāgavata Purāna*, a Sanscrit epic, may be prototypes of Prometheus and Epimetheus ('afterthought'); yet Hesiod's account of Prometheus, Epimetheus and Pandora is not genuine myth, but an anti-feminist fable. Pandora ('all-giving') was a little of the Earth-goddess Rhea at Athens and elsewhere[42]; the pessimistic Hesiod blames her for man's mortality and all the ills which beset life, as well as for the frivolous and unseemly behaviour of wives. His story of the division of the bull is equally unmythical: a comic anecdote, invented to account for Prometheus' punishment, and for the anomaly of presenting the gods only with the thigh-bones and fat cut from the sacrificial beast. In *Genesis*, the sanctity of the thigh-bones is explained by Jacob's lameness which an angel inflicted on him during a wrestling-match.

Greek islanders still carry fire about in the pith of giant fennel, and Prometheus' enchainment on Mount Caucasus may be a legend picked up by the Hellenes as they migrated to Greece from

[41]Hesiod: *Works and Days* 42-105 and *Theogony* 565-616; Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius ii. 1249.

[42]Aristophanes: *Birds* 971; Philostratus: *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* vi. 39.

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the Caspian Sea: of a frost-giant, recumbent on the snow of the high peaks, and attended by a flock of vultures.

The Athenians were at pains to deny that their Goddess took Prometheus as her lover; which suggests that he had been locally identified with Hephaestus, another fire-god and inventor, of whom the same story was told because he shared a temple with Athene on the Acropolis.

Hesiod seems to have based his fable of Pandora on the myth of Demophon and Phyllis:

> Demophon the Athenian touched at Thrace on his return to Athens, and there Phyllis, a Bisaltian princess, fell in love with him. He married her and became king. When he tired of Thrace and decided to resume his travels, Phyllis could do nothing to hold him. 'I must visit Athens and greet my mother, whom I last saw eleven years ago,' said Demophon. 'You should have thought of that before you accepted the throne,' Phyllis answered, in tears. 'It is not lawful to absent yourself for more than a few months at most.' Demophon swore by every god in Olympus that he would be back within the year; but Phyllis knew that he was lying. She accompanied him as far as the port called Enneodos, and there gave him a casket. 'This contains a charm,' Phyllis said. 'Open it only when you have abandoned all hope of returning to me.'
>
> Demophon had no intention of going to Athens. He steered a south-easterly course for Cyprus, where he settled; and when the year was done, Phyllis cursed him in Mother Rhea's name, took poison, and died. At that very hour, curiosity prompted Demophon to open the casket, and the sight of its contents—who knows what they were?—made a lunatic of him. He leaped on his horse and galloped off in panic, belabouring its head with the flat of his sword until it stumbled and fell. The sword flew from his hand, stuck point upwards in the ground, and transfixed him as he was flung over the horse's head.[43]

Since Rhea, who sanctified the mysterious object in Demophon's casket, was also called Pandora, this myth may be an earlier version of how Epimetheus' wife Pandora opened the box of Spites: a warning to men who pry into women's mysteries, rather than contrariwise, as Hesiod made it. A close parallel occurs in *Genesis* ii. Eve, the ancient Goddess Hawwa, or Hepa or Hepatu, who gave her name to a pre-Davidic King of Jerusalem, Abdihepa, was originally the Creatrix and is indeed described by Jehovah as

[43]Apollodorus: *Epitome* v. 16; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 495; Lucian: *On the Dance* 40; Hyginus: *Fabula* 59; Servius on Virgil's *Eclogues* v. 10.

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the Mother of All Living. But the Hebrew Prophets claimed that Jehovah, Hepatu's Storm-god husband, had formed man from clay at Hebron, as Prometheus did at Panopeus, and Marduk at Babylonia; and Eve is therefore said to be a woman artificially contrived to bring about man's ruin, like Pandora. She opens no box, but tempts her husband to let loose all the ills of mortality on mankind. Incidentally, Hepatu is also Hebe, whom Heracles is recorded to have married after he became immortal: an earlier story than *Genesis,* because Hebe was a blameless goddess and Heracles gained great honour by the union.

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> During the ten years absence at Troy of King Idomeneus the Cretan, his wife Meda, wearying of chastity, took one Leucus for her lover, but he soon drove her and Idomeneus' daughter Cleisithyra from the palace and murdered them both in the temple where they had taken sanctuary. Leucus then seduced ten cities from allegiance to their rightful king, and usurped the throne. Caught in a storm as he sailed for Crete, Idomeneus vowed to Poseidon the first person whom he met; and this happened to be his own son or, some say, another of his daughters. He was on the point of fulfilling his vow when a pestilence visited the country and interrupted the sacrifice. Leucus now had a good excuse for banishing Idomeneus, who emigrated to the Sallentine region of Calabria, and lived there until his death.[44]

A vow like that of Idomeneus was made by Maeander ('searching for a man'), when he vowed to the Queen of Heaven the first person who should congratulate him on his conquest of Pessinus; and this proved to be his son Archelaus ('ruler of the people'). Maeander killed him and then remorsefully leaped into the nearest river.[45] A more familiar version of the same myth is found in *Judges* xi 30ff, where Jephthah vows his daughter as a burned offering to Jehovah if he is successful in war. These variants suggest that Idomeneus vowed a male sacrifice to Aphrodite, rather than to Poseidon; as Maeander did to the Queen of Heaven, and as Jephthah doubtless did to Anatha, who required such burned offerings on her holy Judaean mountains. It looks, indeed, as if sacrifice of a royal prince in gratitude for a successful campaign was once common practice—Jonathan would have been slaugh-

[44]Apollodorus: *Epitome* vi. 10; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 348-386; Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* iii. 121 and xi. 264; First Vatican Mythographer: 195; Second Vatican Mythographer: 210; Virgil: *Aeneid* 121ff and 400ff.

[45]Plutarch: *On Rivers* ix. 1.

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tered by his father, King Saul, after the victory near Michmash, had not the people protested—and that the interruption of Idomeneus' sacrifice, like Abraham's on Mount Moriah, or Athamas' on Mount Laphystium was a warning that this custom no longer pleased Heaven. The substitution of a princess for a prince, as in the story of Jephthah, or in the First Vatican Mythographer's account of Idomeneus' vow, marks the anti-matriarchal reaction characteristic of heroic saga.

*

The story of Odysseus's bow needs a prefatory explanation. Heroes in the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* win brides by shooting match. The custom seems therefore to be Indo-European, not Helladic. Heracles enters a contest of this sort when he courts Iole.

> As soon as Heracles returned to Thebes after his Labours, he gave Megara, his wife, now thirty-three years old, in marriage to his nephew and charioteer Iolaus, who was only sixteen, remarking that his union with her had been inauspicious.[46] He then looked about for a younger and more fortunate wife; and, hearing that his friend Eurytus, a son of Melanius, King of Oechalia, had offered to marry his daughter Iole to any archer who could outshoot him and his four sons, took the road there.[47] Eurytus had been given a fine bow and taught its use by Apollo himself, whom he now claimed to surpass in marksmanship, yet Heracles found no difficulty in winning the contest. The result displeased Eurytus excessively and, when he learned that Heracles had discarded Megara after murdering her children, he refused to give him Iole. Having drunk a great deal of wine to gain confidence, 'You could never compare with me and my sons as an archer,' he told Heracles, 'were it not that you unfairly use magic arrows, which cannot miss their mark. This contest is void, and I would not, in any case, entrust my beloved daughter to such a ruffian as yourself! Moreover, you are Eurystheus' slave and, like a slave, deserve only blows from a free man.' So saying, he drove Heracles out of the palace. Heracles did not retaliate at once, as he might well have done; but swore to take vengeance.[48]

The same contest is proposed in Ithaca when, on the presumption of Odysseus' death, the suitors urge Penelope to remarry.

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[46]Plutarch: *On Love* 9; Apollodorus: ii. 6. 1; Pausanias: x. 29. 3.

[47]Diodorus Siculus: iv. 31; Pausanias: iv. 33. 5; Sophocles: *Trachinian Women* 260ff.

[48]Hyginus: *Fabula* 14; Apollonius Rhodius: i. 88-89; Homer: *Odyssey* viii. 226-228; Apollodorus: *loc. cit.*; Diodorus Siculus: *loc. cit.*; Sophocles: *loc. cit.*

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Odysseus, disguised as a beggar, intervenes, and destroys all his rivals.

> On the following day, at another banquet, Agelaus of Same, one of the suitors, asked Telemachus whether he could not persuade his mother to make up her mind finally. Penelope thereupon announced that she was ready to accept any suitor who would emulate Odysseus' feat of shooting an arrow through twelve axe-rings; the axes to be set in a straight row with their butts fixed in a trench. She showed them the bow which they must use: one given to Odysseus by Iphitus, twenty-five years ago, when he went to protest against the theft from Ithaca of three hundred sheep and their shepherds. It once belonged to Eurytus, the father of Iphitus, whom Apollo himself had instructed in archery, but whom Heracles outshot and killed. Some of the suitors now tried to string the powerful weapon, and were unable to bend it, even after softening the wood with tallow; it was therefore decided to postpone the trial until the next day. Telemachus came nearest to accomplishing the feat, but laid down the bow again at a warning sign from Odysseus. Then Odysseus, despite protests and vulgar insults—in the course of which Telemachus was forced to order Penelope back to her bower—seized the bow, strung it easily, and twanged the string melodiously for all to hear. Taking careful aim he shot an arrow through every one of the twelve axe-rings. Meanwhile Telemachus, who had hurriedly slipped out, re-entered with sword and spear, and Odysseus declared himself at last by shooting Antinous in the throat.[49]

Odysseus' feat of shooting an arrow through twelve axe-rings recalls that of Alcon.

> When Heracles ceased to be a child, Amphitryon taught him how to drive a chariot, and how to turn corners without grazing the goal. Castor gave him fencing lessons, instructed him in weapon drill, in cavalry and infantry tactics, and in the rudiments of strategy. One of Hermes' sons became his boxing teacher—it was either Autolycus, or else Harpalycus, who had so grim a look when fighting that none dared face him. Eurytus taught Heracles archery; or it may have been the Scythian Teutarus, one of Amphitryon's herdsmen, or even Apollo.[50] But Heracles surpassed all archers ever born, even his companion Alcon, father of Phalerus the Argonaut, who could shoot through a succession of rings set on helmets of soldiers standing in file, and could cleave arrows held up on the points of swords or lances. Once, when Alcon's son was attacked by a serpent, which wound its coils about him, Alcon

[49]Homer: *Odyssey* xx-xxii.; Hyginus: *Fabula* 126; Apollodorus: *Epitome* vii. 33.

[50]Theocritus: *Idylls* xxiv; Apollodorus: ii. 4. 9; Tzetzes: *On Lycophron* 56; Diodorus Siculus: iv. 14.

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shot with such skill as to wound it mortally without hurting the boy.[51]

Alcon's feat of shooting the serpent suggests an archery trial like that described in the fifteenth-century *Malleus Maleficarum:* when the candidate for initiation into the archers' guild was required to shoot an object placed on his own son's cap—either an apple or a silver penny—after an appeal to the Devil. (This is the basis of the later tale of Wilhelm Tell.) The brothers of Laodameia, competing for the sacred kingship were asked to shoot though a ring placed on a child's breast; but this myth must be misreported, since child-murder was not their object. It seems that the original task set a candidate for kingship had been to shoot through the coil of a golden serpent, symbolizing immortality, attached to a head-dress worn by a royal child; and that in some tribes this custom was changed to the cleaving of an apple, and in others to the shooting between the recurved blades of a double-axe, or through the crest-ring of a helmet; but later, as marksmanship improved, through either a row of helmet-rings, the test set Alcon; or a row of axe-blades, the test set Odysseus. Robin Hood's merry men, like the German archers, shot at silver pennies, because these were marked with a cross; the archer-guilds being defiantly anti-Christian. In the *Little Geste* the King himself is said to have joined in the sport. The legend of a skilled marksman who contrives to hit a small object placed on the head of a child, or man, is also widely current in Denmark, Norway, Iceland and Holstein. In England, the feat is particularly attributed to Robin's comrade, William of Cloudesley.

Greek and Roman archers drew the bowstring back to the chest, as children shoot, and their effective range was so short that the javelin remained the chief missile weapon of the Roman armies until the sixth century A.D., when Belisarius armed his cataphracts with heavy bows and taught them to draw the string back to the ear, in Scythian fashion. Heracles' accurate marksmanship is therefore accounted for by the legend that his tutor was Teutarus the Scythian—the name seems to be formed from *teutaein,* 'to practice assiduously', which the ordinary Greek archer did not do. It may be because of the Scythians' outstanding skill with the bow that they were described as Heracles' descendants: and he was said to have bequeathed a bow to Scythes, the only one of his sons who could bend it as he did.

[51]Servius on Virgil's *Eclogues* v. 11; Valerius Flaccus: i. 399ff; Apollonius Rhodius: i. 97; Hyginus: *Fabula* 14.

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LOUIS O. COXE

General John Nicholson

(*Sepoy Mutiny*, 1857-58)

"Nikal-Sain is dead! We shall worship the God of Nicholson."
—Sikh warrior

I let fall rebels from my hand,
Brown clusters from the deodar boughs:
"The General's mark." My God, command
The curse to quit my heart and house.

The iron of solitude and sword,
The rigor beating in His call,
Fettled my will, as David's Lord
Shaped David on the rage of Saul.

The wilderness wrung out a crown!
King David's house brought God again
Walking the water. And renown
Turned Nicholson to Nikal-Sain.

Men came to worship. Most I beat
And cast to the cantonment dust.
Who was the god they knew? A heat
Of violence tried me out like lust.

For I had known them: Punjab chiefs
And Afghans feater than their knives;
I moved across their hates and griefs
A patience lasting for their lives.

How should I know my rage? When Delhi
Ground up my kind for bitter meal,
I split a sepoy skull to belly
And cut my own law out with steel,

Drove men and bullocks under sun
That maddens while it kills. Alone

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I took the curse bareheaded. None
Of those I shaded turned to stone.

Hard with a purpose born too late,
I struck on men and made them burn.
I fell inside the Kashmir Gate:
This evil for that fell return.

Lament

When I was young the salt air swam
Along my blood and girls I knew
Stood seaward with me in a game
Of water where the west wind blew.

All afternoon by ebb and flood
I sailed my girl in heaven's eye,
And slimed with salt as thick as blood
Desire came whistled to my thigh.

And laughing as the lee drew under,
Astride the windward coaming she
All body and my yearning on her
Unsheeted beauty and ran free.

Where is she now? What water scurries
Across that summer-shoal delight?
What bodies are we now? What flurries
Squall on the bay? What breast is white?

What mouth is red still, what hair blown,
What bodies fathomed? Hers and mine—
Salt on the lips and at the bone
The teeth of wind and blood turned brine.

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JEAN GARRIGUE

A Fable of Berries

For Cornelius A. Yaple and Mrs. Margaret Meeker

I

The mountain height behind the house goes up
And the wild apple trees still hold a ladder in them.
A birdnest in a pan sits on the window sill
And the white spring is piped though it runs free
Down rocks as well.
Springs the wild mountain on every side hard up
Softened and laden down with trees, in fissures caught,
And the mist like treks of cloud spumes past,
Dissolves and travels up again,
Ladders of sight against the shagged green sides
As the handsome girl comes out to drive two cows
To pasture where the salt lick stands.

The wheel in the stream and the tool shed
That was going to be moved, and the worm-holed roof
With its roof-nailed ladder and curleycue shingles
And the high bent house amazed on its perch
Like a nailed-up birdcage staggered in wind
And the brown river visible and across up the sides
Like a square in the rocks and bushes a meadow
Where other cows deep in tassels browse
To mark the already marked ascent—
O disturbance great and alien!
The wild gourd grows and one must climb up
To a pitch and an elevation all is so tangled,
Grows without reason, disdains the excuse!
And apples, green, immature, fallen to ground,
And snow balls, white against porous bells of the cloud,
While beyond an uprooted railroad bed
Is a very alley leading, enclosed by trees,
To the spectacular flood of a mountain.

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II

It is this that happens in the wind making morning
When the berries are ripe near Gooseneck Hill.
We have come out with wicker and crates
And our ten fingers stained by the sun.
Life is a freshness that milk-mothers know
Bent over cribs to the dark-eyed owl.
Sleep is like casks keeping profundities cool
Though resistance is hooped by steel,
And the cows are led in to pasture out of the moment
The girl comes back from sleepy-licked bolsters.

We were here for the night like pedlars or gypsies.
The old man has settled to fire the chimney
Of the lone old woman who's taken us in;
She has doffed us a welcome and pumped the harmonium
And the two sang together like gay-cheeked birds.
Hotcakes and fritters; the spun house settles
Into its spirits and groans with its winds
In the low-eaved bins where I paced and I slept.
Hung the beams with spiders.
I clothed all their work with demented covers
Dead with love, mad like a horse on apples.
All night whined the shutters, banged looms
Of footbridge clapping and spectral flying
On the slat bed, in the cupboard room
Sprung by the winds, where I wove ropes
The footwork of riggings, interloped seizures
On the sails of love-crazy loons.

While half through the night the thin sounds broke
Of the lily horn from the dust of its corner
That played the thin water of sound,
Played Harry Lauder and turkey-trot bands
Till the lame-legged ones tried a few turns
And of the old times drank a deep chord
And were revived in the salt-rough waters

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Where the soul breaks away with a touch or a thread
So delicate-rash is the body sprung—
And half through the night the thin sounds broke
Of the lily horn and their clacking talk
Till the bird saying *day* stood on a stalk
The cows went out and the chipmunk ate
Melon seeds while we dippered warm milk
And were off to the berry-laden mountains.
What were we to do with the berries we got?
The old woodchuck of the party questioned not.
The berries were there and they must be picked.
And into the back country with baskets and crates
Filling jugs with water from springs that he swore
Had the whole liquor of dews from rocks
In a car put together with strings we went.

It was in the grape-valley country of peaches and moles
Small on long spurs full of doors, and ponds
Of green rushes the muskrats delved
And the black-necked goose with its trailing young.
Heights, fulcrums for clouds, and the chipping birds,
Water bushes and long-bladed fields.

III

Much like a long time ago goes this world.
Birds fight in the bush; what is it they say?
Time has strange glasses; take them up.
Seven long years the berries are ripe
And many have married, buried, burned who would eat
Of the dark juice and go mad on it.

The old man is dead, selling bushels and bales
Who had planted a countryside full of elms
And poplars and cedars on occasional days.
And the old lady whirled in her chair
With a glee triumphant because it was cracked—
Twice had the lightning played and her hair crinked—

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Do they sing from her bones like a daft cat?
In the habitation of each houseghost
It must be certain some do, I think.

For never we got to the mountains that time
And never the berries he bragged
And the wild ladders of foam fell away before
I could get down from them.
How may I think such a time was?
Clouds stream over, all is half seen.
The deep slopes of dark look out at me.

IV

I shall climb up over the other side
By the back of the way we did not know,
Shall climb up, yes, by the new strange track
Up stinted trees the opposite rock
And arise and find them there,
Find neither myself nor they have gone
Though the field has changed from green to brown.

And surprise them there in the glasses I find
By looking thus in the madness of time
And we shall be rocked in the freshets we knew
Though we have fled from the heavens there were
When, like the sensuality of a new rough star
One came, and was revolution.

Shall climb up, yes, by the other side
Though we did not get to the berries that time.
Do I doubt of the berries that the brambles hid?
In this perspective, whatever sense touches
In the form of things will be seen.
The berries in the brambles shall be found
We shall even be among mountains then,
In perturbation I will taste again
And will not come down.

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MILDRED COUSENS

American Vineyard

This is an ancient pattern on these hills—
The lines of silvery stakes
Climb up the contoured rows of terraces;
The unseen shuttle of the sun
Has woven them all about with myriad leaves
Guarding the ripening clusters with their green.

Some patterns are erased by time and place;
Others are dimmed, remaining echoes only—
The pomegranate, bird of paradise,
The lotus blossom and the Persian pear
Survive on clay or wood, parchment and tapestry.

This one withstands
The stormy rigors of a harsher land;
This is a living theme enacted here.
It once knew Canaan and Assyria,
And then the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
Provence and Andalusia, Tuscany—
Remember? You have even heard it named
Within the rhythms of the Odyssey—
The gardens of Alcinöus, the sea as dark as wine—
Think how the strand weaves through the web of years,
A many tendrilled vine.

JACKSON MAC LOW

Midseptember Aubade

The choristers in the morning eaves arouse
The sleepless soul to sleeplessness still deeper
A peaceable sleeplessness akin to sleep
Where the sleepless breathes as quietly as a sleeper

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He moves the sleepless limbs amid new ease
And turns upon the left side, pleased with living
While aches that pulsed from hip to ankle give
Him respite by their absence, and a forgiving

Smile transmutes the sleepless face and glows
Amid the disorderly bedclothes and the unbalanced
Piles of half-read books and notebooks si-
lently filling till the choristers are silenced

VERNON WATKINS

The Exacting Ghost

I speak of an exacting ghost,
And if the world distrust my theme
I answer: This that moved me most
Was first a vision, then a dream.

By the new year you set great store.
The leaves have turned, and some are shed.
A sacred, moving metaphor
Is living in my mind, though dead.

I would have counted good years more,
But all is changed: your life has set.
I praise that living metaphor
And when I sleep I see it yet.

Why is it, though the conscious mind
Toils, the identity to keep
Forgetful ages leave behind,
No likeness matches that of sleep?

Last night, when sleep gave back the power
To see what nature had withdrawn,
I saw, corrected by that hour,
All likenesses the mind had drawn.

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In crowded tavern you I found
Conversing there, yet knew you dead.
This was no ghost. When you turned round,
It was indeed your living head.

Time had returned, and pregnant wit
Lodged in your eyes. What health was this?
Never had context been so fit
To give old words new emphasis.

If hope was then restrained by doubt
Or joy by fear, I cannot tell.
All the disturbances of thought
Hung on my words; yet all seemed well.

You smiled. Your reassurance gave
My doubt its death, my hope its due.
I had always known beyond the grave,
I said, all would be well with you.

You fixed contracted, narrowing eyes
To challenge my instinctive sense.
The uncertainty of my surmise
Their penetration made intense.

"What right had you to know, what right
To arrogate so great a gift?"
I woke, and memory with the light
Brought back a weight I could not lift.

In sleep the dead and living year
Had stood one moment reconciled,
But in the next the accuser's spear
Had sacked the city of the child.

Why is it, though the conscious mind
Toils, the identity to keep
Forgetful years will leave behind,
No likeness matches that of sleep?

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WAYNE SHUMAKER

The Cosmic Trilogy of C. S. Lewis

UNTIL THE LATE 1930's C. S. LEWIS, Oxford don and converted atheist, was known to persons interested in literature chiefly as the author of a much-admired work of medieval scholarship entitled *The Allegory of Love*. He had written other things, among them two small volumes of poetry, a Christian allegory called *The Pilgrim's Regress*, and, with E. M. W. Tillyard, a pamphlet of literary controversy named *The Personal Heresy;* but his reputation had hardly spread beyond academic circles, and among scholars he must have seemed noteworthy mainly because of the liveliness of his style, his boldness in translating Old French verse into Middle English, and his luck in finding an especially good subject for research. In the late 1930's and 1940's, however, he burst suddenly into an extraordinary activity. He not only began to pour out books at an enormous rate but appeared in new and unexpected rôles: as a Christian propagandist who lectured on the radio, at military camps, and in churches; as a serious theologian; and as a prolific writer of creative fiction. It is in the third of these rôles that I wish to consider him in the present essay. My attention will be confined, however, almost entirely to a trilogy of fantastic novels—*Out of the Silent Planet* (1938), *Perelandra* (1944), and *That Hideous Strength* (1945)—which received a fairly good press as they appeared but have not been given the critical notice they deserve as a group. Whether the plan of the trilogy grew on Lewis as he wrote or was blocked out before he began I do not know; but in what follows I shall assume that all three volumes were the products of a single creative urge.

It is essential from the outset to realize that the three novels were intended to render both intellectually and emotionally attractive a whole complex of ideas which preëxisted them. Other novelists may have forged meanings in the smithies of their souls as they wrote, but not Lewis. His meanings were firmly enough

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grasped to be capable of expression in ratiocinative prose as well as in fictive images, and, indeed, were soon to be so expressed in a whole series of lucid volumes. What made his mastery of the ideas relatively easy and confident was that they were not new. They had been fitted together powerfully in discursive structures by Augustine and Aquinas, among others, and in imaginal structures by such poets as Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. They were viable, cohesive, and extensional. If, as the notions of orthodox Christian theology, they were not ideally fitted to prosper in the existent climate of literary opinion, they nevertheless had behind them the pressure of a long tradition. Moreover, Lewis was not the man to be deterred from a creative purpose by the sensing of a hostile atmosphere. "In his own subject," he wrote in *The Problem of Pain*, "every man knows that all discoveries are made and all errors corrected by those who ignore the 'climate of opinion'."[1] Behind him also, as experience, was the manipulation of similar ideas in *The Pilgrim's Regress*, a narrative of allegorical vision; and he had an intimate and loving acquaintance with the Christian novels and fantasies of his acknowledged nineteenth-century master, George Macdonald. The problem was not, therefore, that of discovering meanings in the process of fitting together images representative of directly sensed human experience. It was rather that of finding a fictive analogue for a prepared world-view—an analogue, this time, which would have at least a semi-realistic credibility, for his purpose was to write not dream-fantasies but novels.

The heart of the problem lay in the difficulty of bringing within the range of normal human perceptions what really was outside normal experience. In one of his broadcast talks Lewis said, "If there was a controlling power outside the universe, it could not show itself to us as one of the facts inside the universe—no more than the architect of a house could actually be a wall or staircase or fireplace in that house."[2] Ultimate reality is timeless and perhaps spaceless. Novels, however, are impregnated with time and space as allegory and vision are not. In *The Pilgrim's Regress* it had been possible to set a representative young man

[1] *The Problem of Pain*, (Macmillan, 1944), p. 122.

[2] *Mere Christianity* (Macmillan, 1952), p. 19. This volume contains three series of radio talks, published originally as *Broadcast Talks* (in the United States, *The Case for Christianity*), *Christian Behaviour*, and *Beyond Personality*.

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named John talking with allegorical abstractions named The Landlord, Mr. Vertue, Reason, and Mother Kirk. In *The Great Divorce* Lewis was to dream his way into Hell and Heaven and see last things, or some fictive metaphor of them, with direct eyes. But in novels, as distinct from visions, there must be "real" people, not mere abstractions or ghosts; and the world must be a "real" world — contemporary China, possibly, or twelfth-century France, but not Puritania or Heaven. It was necessary somehow to bridge the gap between a non-sensory reality and the limitations of normal sense organs.

The solution, so obvious once seized upon that in the actual process of composition it may have preceded the recognition of a problem, was space fiction. The fictive universe could be extended beyond the limits of ordinary human perception without compromising the decision to rely mainly on normal modes of cognition. On Mars, on Venus, in space or Deep Heaven, anything is possible. No one could tell what might or might not be sensed outside terrestrial boundaries if only an ordinary human being could get there. And arranging that someone should get there was not much of a trick. Waiting to be scooped up, by an easy sweep of the imagination, was the device of the space ship. Let the ordinary human beings, with their ordinary sensory equipment, be taken away from the familiar Earth, and there was hardly any limit to what they might experience. The novels might then be fantastic without becoming vision or allegory.

The longer this general plan was scrutinized the more apt it must have appeared. If space travel was unusual, it had ceased to be thought impossible. Moreover, as Lewis was to point out in *Miracles*, the unusual is permissible if it is what is being written *about*, and an artistic crime only if dragged in to get the writer out of a hole.[3] A crucial advantage was that if life was imagined on a distant planet, it would not have to be imagined as similar to life on Earth. H. G. Wells had set one sort of precedent—"bulbous eyes, grinning jaws, horns, stings, mandibles"[4]—but it was equally feasible to imagine a better kind of rational animal than man, a humanity unfallen and still, in some degree, in direct communication with the Eternal. And Lewis wanted such creatures, since by setting them in contrast with self-divided, self-exiled, diseased Tellurians he could dramatize the meaning of

[3]*Miracles: A Preliminary Study* (London: Geoffrey Bles, 1947), p. 118.
[4]*Out of the Silent Planet* (Macmillan, 1943), p. 33.

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alienation from the Divine Will. The method had been recommended long ago by Aristotle: "To find out what is natural, we must study specimens which retain their nature and not those which have been corrupted."[5] In due time attention could be recalled to the Earth, which would then appear to the reader's sharpened perceptions in its true character, as the battleground of a fight to the death between good and evil.[6]

By some such train of thought the basic plan of the trilogy must have been determined. The fundamental difference between Mars and Venus, as the plan developed, came to be that on the former the *hnau,* or rational creatures, had never fallen and could be seen in prelapsarian happiness and security, whereas on the latter a yet-unfallen Eve was to be caught trembling between choices that would permit her world to remain all good, like Mars, or plunge it into misery and conflict, like that on Earth. Other differences flowed easily from the premises. Mars, as an old world associated by tradition with war, could be shown as frosty, austere, *mar*tial; Venus, as a young world associated by tradition with love, could be warm, richly sensuous, enchanting. Again, since rational life might be supposed to have been created first on Mars and last on Venus, on Mars the *hnau* might be conceived to have pre-Earthly or partly inhuman bodies, but on Venus, in consequence of the dignifying of the Earthly body by the Incarnation, intelligence could be placed in forms different from the familiar Earthly ones chiefly by greater beauty, strength, and dignity. The situations in the three worlds could also be interestingly varied. In the first volume dramatic tension could arise from the hazards of space travel, dissensions among the travelers, unnecessary fear of the Martians, and perhaps also some adventurous sport proper for a warlike people living in perpetual peace. On Venus the narrative center would be the temptation of Eve—a sufficiently perilous matter to dominate the whole volume, since on its outcome would depend the fate of a world. About the central drama, however, might be clustered other peripheral conflicts: for example, a physical struggle between an Earthly visitor and the diabolical tempter. On Earth the obvious antagonists were a small group of God-centered Christians and a much larger

[5] *The Problem of Pain,* p. 117 (epigraph to Chapter IX).

[6] Cf. *Mere Christianity,* p. 36: "Christianity agrees with Dualism that this universe is at war. But it does not think this is a war between independent powers. It thinks it is a civil war, a rebellion, and that we are living in a part of the universe occupied by the rebel."

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group of irreligious men backed by all the power of atheistic science. There was ample opportunity for thematic permutation, for the making of the same point three times and yet, since the volumes were to be organically connected, once only on three levels. The result, if all went well, would be the placing of Earthly experience in a context of cosmic purpose, hence the diminution of the two greatest hindrances to spiritual health, a feeling of individual self-sufficiency, on the one hand, or of spiritual isolation, on the other. What better means to the end than the removal of the reader to a distance from Earth at which the familiar world would appear no larger than a half-crown? "Come out," Lewis was later to say to persons who hold that Nature is the ultimate reality, "look back, and then you will see."[7]

Such, very briefly, was the fable devised by Lewis as a vehicle for his intended meanings. On the whole, its limitations were those necessarily arising from the transposition of eternal truth into sensory symbols. The sensory objects in the trilogy would not, of course, be ideally representative of their spiritual referenda. For example, inorganic spirit is almost by definition something which cannot enter into the sensory field of an organic consciousness. When the *eldila*, or angels, are seen as columns of faint light and are heard to speak in bloodless, inorganic voices which sound like instruments being played, we must understand that we have been offered an image, not the very truth. We must remember, however, that all theology, even when not overtly fictionized, is a tissue of similar approximations. "To know God as he really is," wrote Milton in a treatise with which Lewis is certainly acquainted, "far transcends the powers of man's thoughts, much more of his perception."[8] Other aspects of ultimate reality are almost equally opaque to human thought. Indeed, Lewis is willing to admit that the whole of Christian truth is rather myth than actuality. In *The Pilgrim's Regress* the central character, in the very midst of an act symbolizing baptism, hears the voice of a former friend, Wisdom, muttering that all the discoveries are figurative. Thereupon another voice speaks behind the protagonist, saying, "Child, if you will, it *is* mythology. It is but truth, not fact: an image, not the very real. But then it is My mythology. The words of Wisdom are also myth and metaphor: but

[7] *Miracles*, p. 81.
[8] *The Christian Doctrine*, Book I, Chapter 2 (Bishop Sumner's translation).

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since they do not know themselves for what they are, in them the hidden myth is master, where it should be servant."[9] The objection to Lewis' symbols, if objection there is to be, must accordingly be grounded not on the distance between the symbols and objective reality, but rather on the distance between these symbols and the other less concrete and sensory symbols of discursive theology; and even this distance, to be significant, must be a distance in meaning. By that standard, the columns of faint light and the tinkling inorganic voices can pass muster.

Let us look more closely at a representative series of details, all having to do with the way in which the universe is shown to be permeated with mind. The demonstration of the permeation was the most basic part of Lewis' total purpose, since his world-view rests on a conviction that behind the apparently mechanical processes of the universe are both Divine awareness and Divine purpose. The Empirical Bogey ("the great myth of our century with its gases and galaxies, its light years and evolutions, its nightmare perspectives of simple arithmetic"[10]) had to be overborne by images with contrary implications. But how image Divine Mind, which, although totally present at every point in space and therefore immanent in every setting and event,[11] is non-material and therefore non-sensory?

There were several stages in the process Lewis adopted to meet the problem. In the first, the reader had to be made to feel a Presence which it would not be tactful explicitly to assert. Thus Ransom, Lewis' Earthly protagonist, once shanghaied by unscrupulous scientists into a space ship, was made to feel extremely well and to look out with pleasure from the ship's dark side, where he could see "planets of unbelievable majesty, and constellations undreamed of . . . celestial sapphires, rubies, emeralds and pinpricks of burning gold". As the nights passed he found his former assumption that beyond the Earth's atmosphere was only cold, black vacuity rapidly disappearing. Instead, it seemed to him more and more difficult to disbelieve in the old astrology: "almost he felt, wholly he imagined, 'sweet influence' pouring or even stabbing into his surrendered body." Despite the danger of

[9] *The Pilgrim's Regress: An Allegorical Apology for Christianity, Reason, and Romanticism* (London: Geoffrey Bles, 1946), p. 171.

[10] *Perelandra: A Novel* (Macmillan, 1944), p. 173.

[11] "God is totally present at every point of space and time, and *locally* present in none." (*Miracles*, p. 103.)

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meteorites hinted by the constant tinkling of small particles of world-stuff on the outside of the hollow shell, fear was impossible. On the side of the ship flooded by the sun he was "totally immersed in a bath of pure ethereal colour and of unrelenting though unwounding brightness" and lay "stretched his full length and with eyes half closed in the strange chariot that bore them, faintly quivering, through depth after depth of tranquillity", feeling his mind and body "daily rubbed and scoured and filled with new vitality". Gradually he came to realize that the word

> 'space' was a blasphemous libel for this empyrean ocean of radiance in which they swam. He could not call it 'dead'; he felt life pouring into him from it every moment. How indeed should it be otherwise, since out of this ocean the worlds and all their life had come? He had thought it barren: he saw now that it was the womb of worlds, whose blazing and innumerable offspring looked down nightly even upon the earth with so many eyes—and here, with how many more! No: Space was the wrong name. Older thinkers had been wiser when they named it simply the heavens—the heavens which declared the glory [of God].[12]

There is a joyous lift about this—and only a little of it can be quoted here—which makes Ransom's sensations credible by successfully evoking them in the reader. What more likely than that the sensations of a space traveler would be unexpected? And if unexpected, why not as well these as others? So strong is the illusion that when, in arriving on Mars, the ship ceases to be "a chariot gliding in the fields of heaven" and becomes "a dark steel box dimly lighted by a slit of window, and falling . . . out of the heaven, into a world", we are astonished, if we pause to think about the matter, that our interest in space has become so intense as to make the arrival on a planet seem anti-climactic and depressing and the planet itself appear a half-obscene lump inferior to the space it displaces.

In the second stage the planet also is redeemed by the disclosure that it is informed with friendly spirit exactly as space had been. Gradually, as Ransom's grotesque expectations are corrected by experience, he learns that the organic life of Mars is observed by hundreds or thousands of almost-invisible eldila. The recognition culminates in an audience with the Oyarsa, or planetary intelligence, who informs him, in a sweet, remote, and unshaken voice,

[12] *Out of the Silent Planet*, pp. 28-30.

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that he and his two evil companions have been watched since long before their space ship entered the thin Martian atmosphere. There has been no time when he was alone, no place where his actions were secret. "I cannot understand," he says. "Have you servants out in the heavens?" "Where else?" comes the answer. "There is nowhere else. . . . Malacandra, like all worlds, floats in heaven. And I am not 'here' altogether as you are, Ransom of Thulcandra. Creatures of your kind must drop out of heaven into a world; for us the worlds are places in heaven . . . I and my servants are even now in heaven."[13] Only the Earth—Thulcandra, the Silent Planet, whither the Bent Oyarsa, Satan, was driven after great war in heaven—does not throng with intelligent and friendly spirits. Elsewhere in the universe mortal beings can sense vitality in the apparently empty spaces about them.

The discovery is borne out on the return trip to Earth, during which Ransom perceives that the space surrounding the ship is more really vital than the air within it. Because the ship swims in intense light he can see no eldila; but "he heard, or thought he heard, all kinds of delicate sound, or vibrations akin to sound, mixed with the tinkling rain of meteorites, and often the sense of unseen presences even within the space-ship became irresistible. . . . He and all his race showed small and ephemeral against a background of such immeasurable fullness. His brain reeled at the thought of the true population of the universe, the three-dimensional infinitude of their territory, and the unchronicled aeons of their past; but his heart became steadier than it had ever been."[14] The permeation of space by Maleldil, Very God, has not yet been fictionally demonstrated; but as long as the fictive spell is on us we shall accept the old philosophical doctrine of plenitude.

The third and final step is taken in the second volume, *Perelandra*. In the first chapter we are given another view of an eldil, this time through the consciousness of a man who has taken no journey through space and therefore is unprepared for the appearance by earlier surprises. The sensation now most strongly insisted on is that of pressure. "I felt sure that the creature was what we call 'good', but I wasn't sure whether I liked 'goodness' so much as I had supposed. . . . Here at last was a bit of that world from beyond the world, which I had always supposed that I loved

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 130.
[14] *Ibid.*, p. 159.

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and desired, breaking through and appearing to my senses: and I didn't like it, I wanted it to go away. I wanted every possible distance, gulf, curtain, blanket, and barrier to be placed between it and me."[15] There is a direct connection between this description and Lewis' assertion in *Miracles* that "If we must have a mental picture to symbolise Spirit, we should represent it as something *heavier* than matter."[16] The vitality of pure spirit expresses itself to human senses as weight. This weightiness is picked up and insisted on again and again in *Perelandra;* and it grows enormously, for on Venus there are no eldila except only the Oyarsa, and the spirit which talks to Ransom is Deity Itself.

The first experience of Maleldil's presence comes during one of Ransom's early conversations with Tinidril, the Venusian Eve. "How do you know that?" he asks in astonishment at one of her statements. "Maleldil is telling me," she replies; and at the same moment Ransom feels a difference in the landscape: "The light was dim, the air gentle, and all Ransom's body was bathed in bliss, but the garden world where he stood seemed to be packed quite full, and as if an unendurable pressure had been laid upon his shoulders, his legs failed him and he half sank, half fell, into a sitting position."[17] The remainder of the conversation is difficult, and after it he falls into an exhausted sleep.

The sense of being in Someone's presence does not disappear when Ransom is alone. On the contrary, it increases until there seems to be "no *room*". It is intolerable, however, "only at certain moments—at just those moments in fact (symbolised by his impulse to smoke and to put his hands in his pockets) when a man asserts his independence and feels that now at last he's on his own". At such times the "very air seemed too crowded to breathe"; but when he yielded to the pressure there was no burden to be borne. "It became not a load but a medium, a sort of splendour as of eatable, drinkable, breathable gold, which fed and carried you and not only poured into you but out from you as well. Taken the wrong way, it suffocated; taken the right way, it made terrestrial life seem, by comparison, a vacuum."[18] The experience culminates in the thick darkness of a Perelandrian night, when the Presence, which Ransom now realizes has never been absent even though he has sometimes succeeded in ignoring

[15] *Perelandra*, pp. 12-13.
[16] *Miracles*, p. 112.
[17] *Perelandra*, p. 59.
[18] *Ibid.*, pp. 70-71.

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it, simply flings back in his face, almost impatiently, all the evasions by which he attempts to escape the horrible necessity of physical combat with the Un-man who has been tempting the Lady to disobedience. The silence becomes "more and more like a face, a face not without sadness, that looks upon you while you are telling lies, and never interrupts, but gradually you know that it knows, and falter, and contradict yourself, and lapse into silence."[19] Then the Presence becomes a voice, though a voice that speaks without noise; and at last, when Ransom no longer fights, the pressure ceases, and he falls again into sleep. But from that time forward he knows, though sometimes in pain or fatigue he may forget, that the consciousness of Maleldil is everywhere.

Thus, in brief, does Lewis meet one of the thornier problems involved in the fictionizing of a theology. In the hands of a lesser writer the purpose might have generated long stretches of dreary exposition. In the trilogy, as in all novels, there is some exposition. Characters talk, and they cannot always be forbidden to talk rationally. The chief vehicle of meaning, however, is sensory impressions which carry a metaphorical burden and add up, as a series, to myth. The qualities of mind that enabled Lewis to write dream allegories and allegorical fairy tales permitted him to show more meanings than he explained even in his quasi-realistic fiction, and thus relieved him, to a rather astonishing degree, from the necessity of arguing.

The practice of showing instead of explaining reaches down into the details, so that what at first appears to be a realistic description of a house, a person, or a landscape is recognized later to have rich symbolic overtones. Symbolism in the parts (I use the word in a rather extended sense) is not only methodologically and tonally compatible with myth in the whole but is indeed the same thing on a smaller scale: elements are fitted together in such a way as to stand for more than they picture. The difficulty was that the symbolical content always had to be adjusted to the realistic appearance; for it was essential that credibility not be sacrificed to doctrine. The views to be recommended in the trilogy were to have relevance not only to a life beyond life but also to the situations in which men find themselves daily.

An illustration of how the technique works can be found in the first and second chapters of the trilogy, where methodological precedents are set for all three volumes. In pursuance of an ac-

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 150.

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cepted duty, Ransom goes to a place called The Rise, where he is to inquire into the failure of a hired boy to return home. The gate is locked, and it is necessary for Ransom to force his way through a hedge that proves unexpectedly thick and prickly. Once on the other side, he finds himself on a drive which has two branches, that on the right leading across a neglected lawn to the front door, the other, which is churned into deep ruts as if by trucks, leading towards the back premises, where he can see a column of smoke issuing from a chimney that reminds him of a factory or laundry. The house itself shows no light. Some of the windows are shuttered, the rest are without either shutter or curtain, and all are lifeless and inhospitable. Drawn to the back premises by shouts and the noise of a scuffle, he has the impression of outhouses, a low door full of red firelight, and a domed shape that we learn in due time is the space ship. Inside the house is a mixture of luxury and squalor. Two costly arm chairs stand on an uncarpeted floor strewn with litter; the wallpaper shows stains left by furniture and pictures; on the table are empty champagne bottles, cigar and cigarette-ends, opened sardine tins, and the like. In this room Ransom is presently drugged and the adventurous action of the trilogy begins.

One need not, obviously, read this description with close attention to details. On the surface it presents merely an untidy and rather unattractive house occupied by a scientist and his partner-assistant. And this is enough. Lewis does not want the scientist's way of life to appear humanly satisfying, but he does not, I suppose, insist that the passage be intensively scrutinized. Anyone who chooses to scrutinize it will discover, however, that it is full of symbolic suggestions about two cultural patterns, one decayed, the other dominant. The intellectual soundness of the older humanistic culture is hinted by the light we can easily imagine once to have issued from the now darkened windows, and the amenities encouraged by the humanistic value system are implicit in the neglected lawn, the right-hand path leading in a gentle sweep to the front door and a hospitable porch, and the missing pictures, furniture, and carpet. The dominant scientific culture is characterized by the barred gate, the disfigured and commercialized left-hand path, the absence of light, the concentration of activity in back premises, the red glare of the furnace, the con-

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trast of two luxurious armchairs with the surrounding litter, and the artificial and unappetizing nourishment. There is significance, too, in the hedge through which Ransom must pass in order to gain access to the house: it is the initial obstacle to the performance of any unpleasant duty, beyond which one's way becomes clearer ("it was lighter on the drive than it had been under the trees"). Comprehension of these and other similar implications is necessary neither to the absorbed following of the surface narrative of adventure nor to an appreciative understanding of Lewis' basic meanings in the trilogy. If not fully understood, the suggestions will work on the reader unconsciously, through tonality. If searched for, they fall immediately into order and subtilize the impressions which come through the senses.

The technique is used again and again in the three volumes; indeed, it is one of the pervasive elements of method. Another instance is the description of a man significantly named Wither, who is head of an atheistic institution called the Institute of Coördinated Experiments. Wither is a white-haired old man (evil has been active in Earthly affairs since the Fall) with a courtly manner (which disguises his real spitefulness and makes it superficially attractive). His face is very large (evil is everywhere), his eyes watery (evil can't stand the light), and his expression vague (evil is slippery, refuses to make unconditional commitments). When he talks, he does not appear to give interlocutors his full attention (evil is self-centered, self-seeking).[20] Everywhere significance is carried down into the details; but it is always possible to hurry over minutiae without sacrificing either the fundamental meanings or the coherence. As in *Paradise Lost*, with which there are many points of contact, the deepest meanings are unmistakable. What is gained from repeated and more intensive readings is not something qualitatively different but a denser and technically more exciting version of the same thing. Unlike many recent novelists, Lewis does not demand that his readers be clever; but if they are clever he rewards them. On one level only or on many, the trilogy succeeds in communicating.

I should like, before concluding, to suggest in still another way Lewis' ability to present meanings without rational explication. In the descriptions of Tinidril, the Venusian Eve, it was necessary

[20]For the description see *That Hideous Strength* (Macmillan, 1947), p. 49.

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to portray a creature without much experience of life but endowed with enormous intellectual power—in the theological phrase, with Right Reason. Milton's Eve fails often to convince us that she has just been made from a "Rib with cordial spirits warme". All too frequently her behavior lends color to Taine's objection that she is really the wife of some seventeenth-century Colonel Hutchinson. Not so Tinidril, who is indeed "Simplicitie and spotless innocence". Let us observe how she is kept both mentally and physically young.

The trick is turned without recourse to elaborate artifice: Lewis merely keeps steadily in mind that in experience Tinidril is a child. When we first see her she is looking at Ransom, "her feet together, her arms hanging at her sides, her stare level and unafraid", like a child intent on some entrancing novelty. "I am from another world," Ransom begins in the Old Solar tongue, which he has learned on Mars; whereupon, with the emotional volatility of a child, Tinidril begins suddenly to laugh, "Peal upon peal of laughter till her whole body shook with it, till she bent almost double, with her hands resting on her knees, still laughing and repeatedly pointing at him." The cause of her merriment, we learn, is that Ransom's naked body has been made parti-colored by one-sided exposure to the sun during his trip to Venus—cause enough, surely, for innocent amusement. This mood too changes quickly. The Lady disappears for a moment, carried out of sight by an alteration in the shape of her floating island; and when Ransom sees her again she is sitting "with her legs trailing in the sea, half unconsciously caressing a gazelle-like creature which had thrust its soft nose under her arm. It was difficult to believe that she had ever laughed, ever done anything but sit on the shore of her floating isle. Never had Ransom seen a face so calm, and so unearthly, despite the full humanity of every feature." Our first impression, accordingly, is of a gloriously beautiful young woman with the mind and emotions of a child.

The impression is modified by a conversation held the next day, when it becomes evident that the calmness of Tinidril's expression is the calmness not of idiocy but of innocence. "I was young yesterday," she explains to Ransom, "when I laughed at you. Now I know that the people in your world do not like to be laughed at." To this explanation Ransom's very natural response is a question: "Are you not young to-day also?" Tinidril is startled,

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and falls into so deep a study that some blue flowers drop unnoticed from her hand. "I see it now," she replies at last. "It is very strange to say one is young at the moment one is speaking. But to-morrow I shall be older. And then I shall say I was young to-day." She is puzzled, however, by the necessity of considering time objectively instead of regarding it as a series of moments during which she is occupied in doing something. "I see that you come from a wise world . . . if this is wise. I have never done it before—stepping out of life into the Alongside and looking at oneself living as if one were not alive." The impression produced by these and other similar speeches is exactly what Lewis wants it to be: that of a quick and penetrating mind to which almost every item of experience is new. Within eight pages of first meeting Tinidril we are convinced both of her intelligence and of her almost complete lack of a past.[21]

From this point on there is no flaw, no jolt, only development. At one moment her inexperience is in the foreground, at another the dignity and authority that accompany her possession of Right Reason. The wonder is that Lewis can pass so smoothly from one to the other. For example, when Tinidril learns that Ransom is not, as she had naively supposed, the Earthly equivalent of her own missing King, but only one of a king's many children, her attitude toward him changes at once, but so gently that there is no break in the narrative texture. " 'Greet your Lady and Mother well from me when you return to your own world,' said the Green Woman. And now for the first time there was a note of deliberate courtesy, even of ceremony, in her speech"[22]—a note given irony, but not made ridiculous, by the reader's awareness that Ransom's Mother and Lady has been dead for thousands of years. So skillful, indeed, is Lewis' handling of this very difficult person that we are at once charmed, amused, and awed. Ransom himself is sometimes so awed by Tinidril that he can hardly look steadily at her: "He knew now what the old painters were trying to represent when they invented the halo. Gaiety and gravity together, a splendour as of martyrdom yet with no pain in it at all, seemed to pour from her countenance."[23] Yet she misunderstands, is

[21] *Perelandra*, pp. 51-58.
[22] *Ibid.*, p. 65.
[23] *Ibid.*, p. 67.

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puzzled by the most ordinary facial expressions, attends as courteously to the tempter as to her defender, and in other ways shows clearly the limitations due to her inexperience. One mark of Lewis' control appears in the reader's tardy recollection that although a naked man and a beautiful naked woman have been made to spend many nights together on a tropical island, no suspicion of sexual adventure has been permitted to arise. It is a curious achievement, and not one which every writer would be able to keep his audience from regretting.

In such ways as those that have been described Lewis succeeds in making a body of reasoned theological doctrine perceptually available in quasi-realistic fiction. By embodying the doctrines in meaningful situations which coalesce as myth (something that in recent years has been much talked about by critics but almost never achieved by creative artists), he has contrived to transpose his opinions into images and thus to resist a temptation to which many propaganda novelists succumb, the urge to drive every perception home by logical assertion. Moreover, except towards the end of *That Hideous Strength*, where disembodied spirit is permitted to take matters out of the hands of human agents, the situations are steadily credible on their own terms. (The exception, unfortunately, is serious, for it is not on Mars or Venus, but on Earth, that the real test of the Christian world-view must come.)

No doubt the trilogy is not for everybody. The congenitally unimaginative reader will find it dizzying and perhaps absurd. The de-converted Christian may resist actively and effectively the pull of renounced affections. Writers who like to imagine that they have the power to create, instead of an opportunity to perceive, a cosmos may be repelled by Lewis' assumptions. Yet the volumes are capable of delighting, not once but many times, more readers than they have reached; and to serious students of fiction they can suggest that the formal complexity so prized nowadays by a perceptive minority need not always entail the sacrifice of meaning for the less perceptive majority.

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JOSEPH LANGLAND

Brook Road Farm: Manomet

I drove my flatboat up the weedy brook,
flashing my oars past gold and ferny fronds,
while in clear flowing water I mistook
starred leaves upon the constant draining ponds
for private universes. Down they came
dyeing the surface water brown, blood-red,
until it seemed the season's very name
was murdered, all its royal legions bled.
Each stuttering flittering sparrow took its toll,
raping the elms with mauve lascivious wings
while ragged boughs upon the shimmering knoll
died with these mad birds in their shatterings,
feeling the slate beaks scratch the encrusted trunk.

Yet under the stream bed bent green water grass,
green as summer, green as emeralds sunk
in flowing water flowing. On mirrored glass
I let the boat slip, wishing never to touch
water or leaf or weed in that brief world,
fearing that any human hand should clutch
that fragile painted Eden. Dewdrops pearled
upon still oarblades blazed with autumn sun
and dripped soft circles on the girdled stream.
The wind hung in the branches. One by one
each roisterous sparrow stopped his ravening scream.
Perfection seemed in reach.

But an oar fell
clashing into the water; all birds rose
in scarlet showers while their wild wings flipped,
rattling the flaring treetops. Then I chose
to plunge my oars in the muddy bed; they twirled
in spongy undersludge. Gold leaves dispersed
in sodden eddies. The dark whirlpool world
winked at evil, making my boat a hearsed
coffin and me its solemn passenger,
stunned that most subtle death could intercept
that tenuous confluence where spirits stir,
smiling, from cloudy beds where once they wept.

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DAVID WRIGHT

To His Patron

From Horace

Why make me miserable with your whimper?
For neither the gods nor I myself desire,
    Prop and credit of what I am and do,
    That of the two you should be first to go.

Should an unlucky accident sequester
You, who are half my life, why should I loiter?
    I would be neither so beloved, nor whole.
    When death falls, then upon both let it fall.

This is my true parole, that we, whenever
You take the lead and go, depart together;
    Prepared, that supreme journey of the end,
    To travel as companions hand in hand.

And neither shall the fire speaking lion
Sever us, nor that many fingered giant
    Gyas, should he rise to stop my way.
    This, the three fates, and cogent justice, say.

Whether Scales, or horrid Scorpion, or He-Goat
Ruler of the western sea, my horoscope
    Rule as the influence of my birth hour,
    Our destinies are tethered star to star;

For, outglittering sad Saturn, Jupiter
Rescued you in the applauding theatre
    When the god hackled the quick wing of fate
    As, for the third time, the great rabble clapped.

And I have been barely missed, myself, by death:
Had not Faunus, when the tree pitched on my head,
    Faunus, who protects poets, Mercury's
    Companions, turned aside the falling tree.

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A Postcard from Venice

These golden riderless horses yaw
As over the green floor of a bay
Easy at hawsers, while the air
Rides that unbeaten piazza;
Venice descending to our day
Suspends European glory here.

Lagooned, eternal as an hour,
We saw that lily where she lay
Afloat unfolding to the sea
Her fading summaries of power
At nightfall, and, hovering there
Like dusk, the unhinged energies.

Archangels beating up a wave
San Marco crumbles into stone
Pierce desolation brooding on
The lovely city, dove by dove,
With declarations of a power
That drew a Venus from the foam.

To the Others

God commanded men to love
Else there would be, God knows,
Even less love than there is
Now between us, otherwise.
I, obeying God, must love;
You, dear sirs, do as you please,
As you like be damned or not.

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WILLIAM BECKER

Reflections on Three New Plays

IT HAS BEEN A SEASON FOR NEW PLAYS on Broadway. There were at least seven plays of more than usual merit, all of them by authors of established reputation. By the standards of recent seasons, this is an extraordinary phenomenon, though it is probably fortuitous and of no particular long-term consequence. Nothing has basically changed: there were no new authors of importance, the revivals were all more or less grotesque, prices are still going up, theatres are getting scarcer, and the unions are even now readying themselves for that annual exercise in monopolistic extortion which passes for contract negotiations. Still, it's the continuum which makes one churlish; the individual events are something to be grateful for, and the seven plays for which I was, on the whole and for various reasons, grateful were: Sidney Kingsley's *Lunatics and Lovers,* Maxwell Anderson's *The Bad Seed,* Robert Anderson's *All Summer Long,* William Inge's *Bus Stop,* Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough,* Clifford Odets' *The Flowering Peach,* and Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.* Of these, the last three seem to me, from the standpoint of intrinsic merit, especially compelling; although probably the best individual achievement of the season was Harold Clurman's brilliant directoral triumph over William Inge's mediocre *Bus Stop.*

I.

Christopher Fry's new play, *The Dark is Light Enough,* was produced at the newly redecorated ANTA Theatre by Katherine Cornell and Roger L. Stevens, and starred Miss Cornell along with Tyrone Power. A somewhat inert piece of theatre to begin with, it was given a hopelessly ineffectual presentation, and the evening, which in the best of circumstances might well have been pressed for consistent flights of excitement, never got off the ground at all. I think I have seldom seen a production in which even the broad central point of the play so utterly failed to get projected through the performances. It was the kind of production that is so palpably bad that it tends to disarm any criticism of the author. It was not just wide of the mark, it was an arrow unaimed; and in the case of this play, the mark was already all too curiously narrow.

Of Fry's successful works (by which I mean to exclude the four religious pieces: *Boy With a Cart, Thor With Angels, The Firstborn,* and *Sleep of Prisoners*), this new one is certainly much the most difficult to get across. And

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this, not because of any complexities of thought, or even because of the language; but because its theatricality is poised constantly on the verge of dreariness, and will not survive any but the most delicate and perfected treatment. The play makes extravagant demands on the performers, and requires, even to be intelligible, an actress of unlimited grandeur in the central role. The verse no longer inflicts any problems, for while the brilliance is still there when required, the lavish promiscuity of the earlier plays is not, and one never senses that autonomy of language which previously had a way of defeating the drama. The problem is now simply that the drama has not been fully created, that its possibility exists only in a perfect performance, and that this burden of responsibility which Fry has shifted to his leading actress is almost more than any author has a legitimate right to expect. In the two previous seasonal plays, *The Lady's Not for Burning* and *Venus Observed*, the drama tended, as it were, to escape into the language or to become identical with it; and this represented a misuse of language in the theatre, or at least an evasion of the playwright's primary responsibility to *action*. The faults of *The Dark is Light Enough* are curiously parallel, though the play unquestionably marks a genuine advance in control; for here the drama, and even the stageworthiness of it all, tends to become identical with the sheer quality of the central performance, and that too is a kind of evasion of the fundamental responsibility to action. Fry's battle with the whole problem of action in the Aristotelian sense (he is forever confessing that he cannot think of a plot) is by no means won; it has, however, apparently shifted to new and perhaps more promising ground.

On the whole, *The Dark is Light Enough* adds nothing new to the general theme—perhaps purpose is more accurate—expressed in the two earlier plays. The aspect, however, is new: this one is sub-titled a Winter Comedy, and its general direction is, or ought to be, melodrama. The purpose is still, as Fry likes to say, to expose the enormous miracle of reality; but this time it is death, the threat of it and the expectation of it, weaving through the play like a leit-motif, that is meant to impel our fresh consciousness of the value of life. "There is," as Fry says, "an angle of experience where the dark is distilled into light. . . ." The play revolves about incidents just at the conclusion of the Austro-Hungarian war. At the opening Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg is missing from her customary Thursday night salon. It develops that she has gone out alone into the dark and warring countryside, in a snowstorm, in search of one Richard Gettner, an articulate wastrel, who had at one time been briefly married to the Countess' daughter, Gelda. This journey into the night begins a metaphor of which the whole play is a completion. Amid the wars and confusions, and the threats of death, in the form of hunted men and executions and ridiculous challenges to duel, the Countess moves with a kind of divine serenity, dominating the lives and minds of everyone about her. As a character says early in the play,

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. . . how apparently undemandingly
She moves among us; and yet
Lives make and unmake themselves in her neighborhood
As nowhere else . . .
She has a touching way
Of backing a man up against eternity
Until he hardly has the nerve to remain mortal.

The theme of the journey through darkness runs through the play as a general symbol of life. Gettner, despised by all the minor characters as a worthless and conscienceless weakling, remarks:

I should never have come from where I was,
Which was nowhere in particular, which suits me,
And nowhere long enough to stale the air
Too fatally.

Toward the end, Gettner again says:

I shall go back to the journey I was making
In no direction in particular,
Where the dark makes no false promises.

and the Countess' final musing before her death is:

That was a roundabout drive in the snow
Owing to my eccentric sense of direction.

Yet the melodrama itself never quite comes to life in the play as written (though it might in some ideal performance), because the action is so entirely subordinated to the Countess' electric sense of things: the real things which *happen* in the play are the results of the Countess' catalytic presence. It is her strength and her way of viewing things that we are meant to be caught up in. Yet nothing happens to the Countess herself; she, one is expected to feel, is already too perfect for development; and it is Richard's life, chiefly, that is made and unmade in her neighborhood. Nor is there any other effective neighborhood: the war never makes itself truly felt, it comes to exist only in the highly civilized—and rather over-romantic, even for melodrama—comments made about it. In the same way, the Countess' participation in life, her very personality even, is revealed deviously—not so much by what she says or does, but by what others say about her. She is given some remarkable speeches, and they contain, on the whole, the grist of the play; but they are simply deposited, full-blown, into the text, like the Countess herself.

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The result of this is that just as the Countess does not develop as a character, so, as a role, she cannot be built by the actress. Fry has given her very little opportunity to be created bit by bit. She has to be imposed: she has simply, suddenly, to *be* as big as we have been led to expect. It is characteristic that although the central relationship of the play is between the Countess and Gettner, there is no significant scene between them until the last few moments of the final act. And this scene, for which most of the rest of the play has been a preparation, is so short that it, too, must live or die mainly by the sheer theatrical *force* of the personalities on stage. There is, in fact, only one thoroughly fine dramatic scene in the play, and that is a long scene between Gettner and Gelda in the second act, which has almost the rhythm of a classical revelation scene: it builds from the strangeness left by their abortive marriage through a series of progressively more profound understandings to a point where Gettner says, "My curiosity / Is great; I begin to wonder who you are." But this scene, too, in great part, is a devious creation of the Countess—of her will in precipitating the original marriage, and of her implied relation both to Gettner and to her daughter. A thematic thread in the scene is the inevitability of human failure ("No one has ever failed to fail in the end: / And for the very evident reason / That we're made in no fit proportion / To the universal occasion . . .")—and, by implication, it establishes the somewhat superhuman "success" of the Countess.

(Note: a case could, and probably will, be made for a reading of the play on an allegorical level: Gettner as a symbol of wayward mankind, the Countess as a Christ-figure, dying to redeem mankind, etc., etc. But I do not see that such a reading would make the play's virtues any more compelling or its faults any less severe. What the play has to say about love and life and death either works on the human level or it does not; and the allegory, if intended, remains rather irrelevantly inert.)

Given this play, with its peculiar staging problems, it is hard to imagine a production less well calculated to do it justice than the one offered on Broadway. The three major roles were miscast, the set was handsome but diffuse and unsuited to the action, and the whole business virtually screamed for the firm hand of a competent director.

To begin with the director: Guthrie McClintic, who is Miss Cornell's husband, has built a special reputation for himself in the field of directing. His name is allied with a whole series of Important Actresses over the past quarter century or so—Miss Cornell, Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson, Florence Reed, and so on. To this alliance he has supposedly brought an unusual skill for keeping such actresses happy, for dealing with problems of temperament, and for creating the conditions in which big actresses can give big performances. Now, useful as those qualities may sound, they obviously do not add up to a gift for directing as such. In fact, though McClintic may be able to keep his actresses convinced of their Importance, he does nothing to correct or com-

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pensate for their faults. Miss Cornell, for example, gives the impression of being so bound up in her own stardom that she cannot act in relation to the rest of the cast; and McClintic's one apparent design in *The Dark is Light Enough* was to keep the other actors out of Miss Cornell's way, and to see to it that she hoarded the stage visually while she was on. The result was that Miss Cornell worked in total isolation from everybody around her—which is, one supposes, the old-fashioned idea of what a star performance should be. It is surely the elemental responsibility of a good modern director to see to the way actors work *with* one another; yet in no production I have ever seen directed by McClintic, and least of all in this one, was there any evidence that he understood the nature of exciting theatrical relationships—either visually, which is a simple matter of movement and blocking, or emotionally, which is the province where a director can reveal his genius if he has it. It is one thing to create the conditions for showing off handsome dresses, handsomely carried, and quite another to set the circumstances for a great performance. Actresses can undoubtedly be kept happy by pandering to their egos and their weaknesses; but this is not directing, it is toadyism; and its effect is no less a disservice to the actress than to the production as a whole. The two things are, in fact, identical.

As for Miss Cornell, the truth is that she simply is not as good as she is supposed to be. She has, without question, great charm and a rather stylish bearing; but she has no real grandeur and her projection is not powerful. Above all, she does not radiate that quality of electric intensity, which can transfix an audience, and which is the one indefinable divine gift that identifies genius in performers. As the Countess—who requires this radiance first and last—she was a flop. There is a scene in the third act which pointed up her inadequacy with devastating effect. Fry clearly conceived the scene as a melodramatic coup which would confirm the quality of the Countess' extraordinary personality. The members of the Countess' salon are assembled in her house, while the Countess herself is dying upstairs. Suddenly, at the top of a flight of steps (incidentally, not well placed in this production), she appears, and, as it is Thursday, begins to descend in order to conduct her salon as usual. The progress down the steps is meant to be one of those breathless theatrical sequences, a projection of sheer personal intensity of the kind that we get in, say, certain of Martha Graham's stage-crosses. But it didn't work. It was, in fact, a foolish and embarassing passage, with the Countess' friends trying to look transfixed, and gasping such lines as:

> *I don't know when I hung on each moment*
> *In such fascination, unless when I watched*
> *A fishing boat outwit the rocks and a very*
> *Unbenevolent sea.*

while from Miss Cornell came—nothing.

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Completing the general picture of aimless ineffectuality were Tyrone Power as Gettner and Marian Winters as Gelda. For me, the greatest disappointment of the evening was their big scene: it was, of course, the scene that aroused the most expectation. But like the rest of the play, it died on the vine, incoherent, unconvincing, tedious. Gettner, as a role, is compounded of two essential traits: weakness of character and articulateness of mind. Power managed to convey almost the reverse. He had the look of those dashing movie heroes he so often plays, and he alone among the cast delivered his lines with that intimidation characteristic of a bewildered schoolboy intoning Shakespeare. As for Miss Winters, though she has demonstrated her competence in other roles, she had neither the physical equipment—Gelda should, above all, have a delicate and compelling beauty—nor the deftness of manner to sustain this one. Her performance was too straight and too heavy, and, as a result, rather lifeless and boring. Of the minor actors, most of whom were adequate, although poorly handled by the director, one did manage to enliven the evening considerably. This was Christopher Plummer, playing the small but crucial role of Count Peter, Gelda's husband, who showed himself to be an actor of quite extraordinary command and apparently also of sound classical training—something of a rare find among young men on Broadway today.

II.

Clifford Odets' new play about Noah, called *The Flowering Peach,* which was presented by The Producers Theatre at the Belasco, deserved a good deal more success than it had. One hears through the grapevine that it was recommended by the faculty committee at Columbia for the Pulitzer Prize, but that the recommendation was overridden by the Trustees in favor of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.* It was not even mentioned for the Critics' Circle Award, which ultimately also went to the Williams play by one vote, the remaining votes being cast for *Bus Stop.* With the prize-givers, nothing succeeds like success. Yet the unsuccess of *The Flowering Peach* is curiously hard to account for. It seemed to me one of the two or three most interesting dramatic evenings of the past several seasons. One heard it widely reported that the largest and best audiences which the play drew were mainly Jewish in composition, and the word-of-mouth publicity—usually the decisive factor in determining a play's survival on Broadway—seems to have been almost exclusively tribal. There was, of course, everything to recommend the play to that established audience which for years has supported the Yiddish and Yiddish-American theatres downtown, but nothing to render its appeal so apparently exclusive. Had the play opened at a time when fewer members of this specialized audience were vacationing in Florida, its destiny might have been substantially different. Still, it is unusual for a play to be so highly received by a part of the regular Broadway audience, and so thoroughly neglected by the rest. There is probably some

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cryptic commentary on the caprices of Broadway taste lurking in the situation, but I have not been able to decipher it. Whatever the reason, *The Flowering Peach* finally became that much-talked-of, but rarely occuring, phenomenon on Broadway—a prestige failure—and reportedly lost for its backers, who kept it running longer than economics alone would have warranted, something over $100,000.

In the era of the little mood play, the most heartening thing about *The Flowering Peach* was its conventional dramatic mode, reminding one with a start how deeply Odets represents a previous and more disciplined generation. Among the increasingly diminutive efforts of the newer school of playwrights, it stood out most of all as a rich example of the real thing: an old-fashioned honest-to-Aristotle play, complete with characters of some stature and incidents of considerable individual interest. That much of the evening's satisfaction was owed to a memorable performance by Menasha Skulnik, one of the few actors remaining on Broadway who can legitimately be called "big", in no way mitigates the achievement of Odets himself. Rich major roles on Broadway are as rare today as inventive major performers. Moreover, a truly rich role always entails a larger creation. Odets has rooted his image of Noah in first-rate dramatic material, and imposed on the whole thing, by means of the extraordinary Yiddish-American voice—extraordinary for Broadway in being both literate and intensely alive—that special quality of actuality which is one of the main gratifications of good theatre. All of this is not to say that *The Flowering Peach* is a great play, but it is one of the best that Odets has yet written; and by current standards, it is a thoroughly superior piece of work.

The story of Noah on the stage has an ancient and honorable history of incarnations very similar in spirit to the one Odets has given it in this play. As a medieval moralty play, it was always the most domesticated example of the genre; and one might, in fact, claim for the moralities about Noah a kind of paternity to the whole tradition of sentimental domestic romance in which Odets works. And for Odets, with his frequently expressed penchant for allegory and moralizing, the reverberations and accruals of the Noah myth, its established themes and built-in conflicts, have an especially appropriate value. In wanting his plays to be "useful", and in equating usefulness with allegorical utterance, Odets, in the early plays, was under constant pressure to elevate his domestic dramas into general symbols of man's fate. This was, on the whole a ruinous penchant. Generally, it meant the imposition of something altogether awkward and ulterior that devitalized, and sometimes even ridiculed, his true gifts which were for an earthy eloquence and dramatic poetry of a simple realistic sort. His would-be allegorizing had a way of converting itself into *schmaltz* on the one hand and propaganda on the other. But *The Flowering Peach* provided an opportunity to reverse his usual practice—and possibly it represents the most sensible solution to the battle his gifts have waged with his pretensions. For the problem in *The Flowering Peach* was not

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how to make large symbols out of little people, but how to impose real humanity on a myth. In a phrase of Flaubert's, it was not so much the modern literary problem of typifying the individual as it was the more antique problem of individualizing the type. The result is a play that largely succeeds in avoiding the ironical situation of most of the earlier plays, namely, that they tended to be dramatically successful only insofar as they were failures by their author's prescribed intellectual standards, and vice-versa.

Fundamentally, what makes *The Flowering Peach* work so well is the consistency with which Odets has carried through his basic dramatic gesture: his vision of the Noah story in terms of that modern immigrant Jewish life which has always been his most effective dramatic milieu. For the immigrant Yiddish vernacular, in its varying degrees of adaptation to modern American speech (differences one is accustomed to hearing among the various members of real New York families) becomes somehow more than a vivid language. It ramifies into a full-fledged poetic *donnée*, with larger implications, and like the Irish of Synge or O'Casey, is a voice that belongs to a way of life and to a highly individual manner of seeing and expressing things. It is the kind of voice that belongs in the theatre, a spoken voice, with its own rhythms and inflections that are expressive in themselves. Theatrically speaking, this particular voice, which was created and built up in the old burlesque and in those Second Avenue Yiddish theatres where Skulnik originally made his reputation, is exceptionally endowed. Steeped in irony and pathos, it is capable of sustaining extreme degrees of passion and tenderness, of humor and sentiment, and it comes complete with a standard repertoire of physical gestures and facial responses. Even the family squabbles, through which the play's basic conflicts are projected, are of a recognizable kind, belonging to this voice, a standard device in its expression. And in the performances, which were all of them excellent, the physical expressiveness of the style was a particular delight. The language of gesture has more or less disappeared from all but minority expressions of the modern English language, and it is a singular loss to the stage. But here there remains a whole rich vocabulary of gesture of which Menasha Skulnik is perhaps the greatest living master. There was the shuffling disjointedness of his gait, the extraordinary timing (always slightly behind the beat) of his shoulder shrugs and his loose-wristed arm shaking, the awkward beauty of his expressive hands in their open-palmed gestures of helplessness or sadness, a certain calculated ineffectuality in his clenched fists providing the ever-present overtones of pathos even in scenes of anger or ferociousness. Behind it all lies the strong suggestion of a traditional racial heritage, the oppression and flight, the helplessness, the *yiddische schmertz*, so that one got the impression that Noah's family might have been exactly like this, and lines which out of context might sound cutely anachronistic ("Who's telling you our God's the best?"—"He's the best because dammit, girlie, He does all the work.") are at once humorous and deeply moving in performance.

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In fact, this constant invocation of an older civilization, which is particularly apparent in the hierarchical structure of the family, was largely responsible for the peculiar vivacity of the Biblical setting. There was an implicit analogy between Noah, representing an older tyrannical culture before the covenant, and the immigrant father, standing for the ways of the old country. In each case, the sons represent a newer modernity, and the family conflicts that arise are, in essence, similar. Thus, Noah's three sons are types that one might expect to find in a first-generation Jewish-American family. Shem (brilliantly played by Martin Ritt) is the shrewd, grasping, successful, opportunistic entrepreneur, somewhat brash and egocentric and aggressive, but essentially kind and thoroughly able: the young garment center executive. Ham is the profligate son, lecherous, weak and unattractive, a drunkard and a spendthrift, exploited by his brother, yet unable to survive without him: the irresponsible member of the family whose destiny is entirely owed to the benevolence of nepotism. Japheth, the youngest son, is the intellectual rebel, the withdrawn one, the boy who, in another Odets setting, would have wanted to play the violin. Counterpointing Noah is Esther, his wife (who was the chief character in the old moralities: the prototype of the comic shrew), and her role, theatrically, is chiefly to set things up for the major performance: she is, quite simply, the wife in the man-and-wife team. In the family structure, she is the reservoir of sentiment, the capable Jewish mother, defending the children, arbitrating, occasionally nagging at her husband, but always the one who understands. Her death aboard the ark provided one of Noah's best scenes—or at least one of Skulnik's finest opportunities. Berta Gersten, who played Esther, is also a product of many years in the Yiddish theatre, and her performance was a marvel of capability. So thoroughly is the dramatic method of the play wedded to this family structure that Odets' introduction of three very minor characters outside the family circle—a tax collector whose short scene was quite a funny vignette in itself, and two rabbis who appear momentarily, pleading to be taken aboard the ark—seemed pointless and intrusive, and might well have been eliminated.

Japheth, of course, is the character who, after Noah himself, carries the heaviest burden of the play's meaning; and charactistically, his is the least created of the major roles, the one that never quite comes alive. (Rachel who, after having been married to Ham, becomes Japheth's wife is never created at all; and Janice Rule was entirely wasted in the part.) Japheth is meant to stand for a modern point of view, challenging the vengeful tyranny of a destructive God, and foreshadowing in his viewpoint the mutual obligations of God and man that will prevail after the covenant. He is the self-reliant, independent one, who knows how to build an ark, and who demands a rudder on the ark, while Noah, clinging to the old order, insists that only God can steer. But Japheth's role as written was too thin to sustain his importance dramatically, and the boy who played him (Mario Alcalde) was unable to

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make anything very substantial of the part. Thus, the dramatic force of the changing order of things was less well projected than it should have been: there was no real antagonist to set Noah off. The marital complications of the children, which were meant to emphasize the new humanity coming to replace the old tyranny, were too much drawn out, and, in any case, could not (and should not have been expected to) bring to bear the full weight of the antagonistic force that was needed. Some reviewers objected that Noah's own tyrannical behavior never become unpleasant enough to create a proper conflict—largely because of Skulnik's endearing presence as a performer. But there was no need for Noah to seem unpleasant: it is God who is tyrannical, and Noah's response to the changing order (which is what the play is largely about) is entirely human and pathetic: he gets drunk, turns petulant, and finally is brought to acquiescence by his wife's death.

One result of these weaknesses is that the play's rhythm is not consistently fine. The first act, which shows Noah's receiving the word from God, the disbelief and hostility of the sons, and finally the revelation that comes with terror to the whole family as the animals miraculously begin assembling outside —this act is as perfectly built as anything Odets has ever written, and probably is one of the best pieces of play construction in modern American dramatic literature. But the remainder of the play is more diffuse, and its rhythm is less sure. One looks to the character of Japheth to build into a clear statement, but it never quite does; and the dramatic movement is thereby damaged as much as the thematic projection. Still, at worst, the second two acts contain a succession of excellent moments, and their occasional diffuseness is never tedious, even if it is sometimes a little irrelevant.

The play was cut after the opening performances, and the cuts were all to the good, though they failed, of course, to do anything substantial about the basic problem which was Japheth's role. Which brings up the question of Odets' direction. One hears a lot of criticism in professional circles about Odets directing his own plays, and there was considerable carping about this one. Actually, there were no outstanding directoral faults that one could point to as such (though I felt that the lion parked on the stage throughout one whole scene was, like the tax-collector and the rabbis, an intrusion, and that it smacked too much of the toyland, fun-and-games atmosphere of Obey's *Noah*). But there is a real case to be made against any author's directing his own work, and the case applies with particular force against a playwright like Odets who has standard weaknesses and blind-spots. One obvious point is that if an author is engaged in conducting rehearsals, he can hardly be out doing the rewriting that rehearsals usually show to be necessary. A more basic point is that a fine director can add new dimensions to a work, fortifying an author's strengths, while camouflaging his weaknesses; whereas the playwright himself has presumably already given all that he can. Odets's direction of *The Flowering Peach* was not bad, it was simply uninspired—Odets the director

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duplicating Odets the playwright. A good outside director might have been able to make something stronger of Japheth, or at least pointed the way for Odets to do it himself. It is no mere caprice that impels the most highly gifted authors—Shaw and Brecht are examples—to insist on collaborators when directing their own work. On the evidence to date, Odets would probably do well to follow suit.

III.

The team of Tennessee Williams, playwright, Elia Kazan, director, and Jo Mielziner, designer, is as potent an artistic force as Broadway can boast today. Their newest collaboration, the Playwrights Company production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* at the Morosco, is a really remarkable piece of work. It is also the season's most solid dramatic success. One should perhaps take special note of the fact that the *kind* of theatre produced by this particular team is a strictly American creation and has as yet no European counterpart: it is, in fact, *the* singular dramatic achievement of the postwar decade on Broadway (the only other new achievements of any artistic kind being in the field of the musical). One senses it as an important creation, and one that is now arrived and may be ready for an interesting future. The technique of it is based on a curious dialectic of intense realism and rather eloquent fantasy, a dialectic which is present in every part of the final creation—it is there in the writing, in the open half-abstracted settings, in the play of the lights, in the postures and delivery of the actors. It is an intensification of life posed against abstractions from it, artifice breaking down into nature, nature building up into artifice. Specifically, it is real speech with unnatural inflections, solid furniture in rooms with no walls, naturalistic acting that assembles itself into highly posed and static images, normal realistic light that gives way to follow-spots and chiaroscuro, talk that develops special rhythms and elevates itself into speech.

Nor is this phenomenon, even fundamentally, a playwright's creation, nor a director's, nor a designer's. One senses it as thoroughly eclectic, collaborative, fluid, and the final product as one in which the individual contributions are so harmoniously blended as to create a fully synthetic piece of theatre—a sort of *Gesamtkunstwerk* minus the music. The production process is more than just an achievement of the play; it is actually its completion, with the result that the design of the set and the basic elements of the staging get built into the script—quite literally, as anyone who has had the opportunity to compare an original Williams text with the final published version will know. No future production of the play can ever depart very successfully from the basic scheme that emerges. I have seen six or seven productions of *Streetcar* (and even performed in one), in several different countries and languages, and not one but derived in every major respect from the original Broadway production. Performances, of course, can vary, no matter how synthetic the creation; but

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it is the great achievement of this collaboration that, in most cases, they can only vary in the direction of inferiority. By the time the play reaches its finished printed form, the roles have been altered to fit the performers, and the quality of the original performances has somehow been built in, too. As a way of work in the theatre, there is something very nearly ideal about this extraordinary collaborative process: it is perhaps the closest analogy that exists in modern theatre to the older tradition of the actor-playwright who was able to forge just such a synthesis with his own company. The success of the process is, of course, a special tribute to the genius of Elia Kazan, who, as director, is its catalytic agent; but it is no less a tribute to Williams, as an author, that he is sufficiently gifted and flexible to take advantage of what Kazan and Mielziner have to offer him. His ability to function so brilliantly in collaboration is precisely what makes him, as a writer, so much *of* the theatre. It is no accident that Kazan's work is never quite so successful or spectacular with lesser playwrights.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof is, in many respects, Williams' best play to date. It is, by all odds, his most powerful; and it contains, in Big Daddy, marvelously played by Burl Ives, the most nearly heroic character Williams has ever created. Set in the Mississippi River Delta, the play introduces us to the family of an enormously wealthy planter of Rabelaisian character and great physical bulk (Big Daddy), whose death by cancer is imminent. There is Brick (Ben Gazzara), his younger son, a one-time star athlete turned sullen neurotic alcoholic; and Maggie (Barbara Bel Geddes), Brick's wife, desperate for Brick's physical love, and nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof because he withholds it. There are, in Big Mama (Mildred Dunnock), Gooper (Pat Hingle), Brick's older brother, and Mae (Madeleine Sherwood), his wife, three brilliant tragi-comic portraits, satirical in quality and devastating in their accuracy. The family group is completed by the five noisy little "no-neck monsters," belonging to Gooper and Mae, who were played with consummate disagreeableness by what must surely have been the five most unattractive children available in New York City.

The dramatic method of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is familiar from Williams' earlier plays; and it remains of considerable technical interest, being at once quite traditional and yet uniquely Williams' own. One can find in it elements of the dramaturgy of both Ibsen and Tchekov, the blend serving to point up the essential interconnectedness of apparently disparate techniques. Williams' method is Ibsenist in the way that it permits the rich narrative elements, which comprise one of Williams' most striking gifts, to emerge bit by bit in a crescendo of meaningfulness. We are plunged into a story at a point just on the verge of an explosive climax or conclusion. Little by little the sequence of past events seeps out, and it is generally not until the end of the second act that the history is complete. At that point, at least in *Cat,* the full story precipitates a revelation, not only for the audience, but for the characters,

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and the major climax is the second act curtain. The remainder of the play is an inexorable working out of the consequences. The method is Tchekovian, on the other hand, in the sense that the climaxes are psychological, and the play's rhythms are created, not by external events, accidents, or gimmicks (like the fire in *Ghosts*), but by developing relations between people or by an increasing self-awareness in an individual character. As in Tchekov, there are long rambling speeches and lengthy personal reminiscences. There are, in fact, longer speeches in *Cat* than in any modern American play I know, outside the works of Eugene O'Neill. But where O'Neill's speeches tend to be repetitive and verbose, and greatly in need of pruning for performance, Williams' speeches tend, like Tchekov's, to be entirely necessary and to defy cutting. The better part of the entire first act of *Cat* is one long monologue by Maggie the Cat addressed to her husband, and only occasionally interrupted by Brick's icy non-committal responses. Likewise, the second act, which is dominated from beginning to end by Big Daddy, and of which more than half is a tempestuous dialogue between Big Daddy and Brick.

If the dramaturgy is in debt to Ibsen and Tchekov, the general tone and manner owe something to Strindberg. (These comparisons are not idle: Williams has established himself in the major traditions, if so far in something less than a major way.) A great part of the psychology is violent, just as much of the eloquence is bombast. One of Big Daddy's typical speeches will serve to illustrate both the quality and the rhetoric (intervening stage directions omitted):

You don't know a goddam thing an' you never did! (BIG MAMA: Big Daddy, you don't mean that.) Oh, yes, I do, oh, yes, I do mean it! I put up with a whole lot of crap around here because I thought I was dyin'—An' you thought I was dyin' an' you started takin' over; well, you can stop takin' over, now, Ida, because I'm not goin' to die, you can just stop this business of takin' over because you're not takin' over because I'm not dyin'. I went through that laboratory and the exploratory operation and there's nothin' wrong with me but a spastic colon. An' I'm not dyin' of cancer which you thought I was dyin' of. Ain't that so? Didn't you think that I was dyin' of cancer? Ain't that so, Ida? Didn't you have an idea I was dyin' of cancer an' now you could take control of this place an' everything on it? I got that impression, I seemed to get that impression. Your loud voice everywhere, your damn' busy ole body buttin' in here an' there! (BIG MAMA: Hush! The Preacher!) Rut the Preacher! Did you hear what I said? Rut the cotton-pickin' chicken-eatin', memorial-stained-glass Preacher! . . . I went through all that laboratory an' operation an' all just so I would know if you or me was boss here! Well, now it turns out that I am an' you ain't—and that's my birthday present—an' my cake an' champagne—because for three years now you been gradually takin' over. Bossin', talkin', sashayin' your ole butt aroun' this place I made! I made this place! I was overseer on it! I was the overseer on th' ole Straw an' Ochello plantation. I quit school at ten! I

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quit school at ten years old an' went to work like a nigger in the fields. An' I rose to be overseer of the Straw an' Ochello plantation. An' ole Straw died an' I was Ochello's partner an' the place got bigger an' bigger an' bigger! I did all that myself with no goddam help from you, an' now you think that you are just about to take over. Well, I'm just about to tell you that you are not just about to take over, you are not just about to take over a goddam thing. Is that clear to you, Ida? Is that very plain to you now? Is that understood completely? I been through the laboratory from A to Z. I've had the goddam exploratory operation, an' nothin' is wrong with me but a spastic colon—made spastic, I guess, by all the goddam lies and liars that I have had to put up with, an' all the hypocrisy that I have lived with all these forty years that I been livin' with you! Now blow out the candles on th' birthday cake! Take a deep breath an' blow out th' goddam candles on th' cake.

Cambyses' vein, perhaps, but nonetheless some of the most powerful theatrical writing to enliven the drab stages of Broadway in some time. As Eric Bentley has noted, the prose rhythms owe something to the repetitive artifices of Gertrude Stein, but the lushness has its roots in real Southern vernacular. The language is part of the whole creation, like the play itself, a mixture of realism and fantasy, a personalized rendition of an authentic American idiom. Like the language of *The Flowering Peach,* it makes us realize what riches lie largely unmined in the diverse American voice, and it reminds us, too, how little mere accuracy (e.g. Horton Foote or William Inge) is a substitute for style.

The plot of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is too complex, and the circumstances of its central situation too eventfully rich, to attempt to retail (the play should be seen, or eventually read by everybody with any interest in the American stage); but some mention needs to be made of its thematic strands. The play dances, thematically, around the problem of Truth, though without saying anything very substantial on the subject. The theme is, really, an excuse for the drama—which is perhaps as it should be—and the drama exists in a series of personal relationships to which, of course, the criterion of truth may be applied. Brick has been lying to himself; the family has been lying to Big Daddy about his cancer; Big Daddy has a speech in which he retails the lies and hypocrisy he has had to live with all his life; and Brick bitterly sums it all up, in the big second act revelation scene, with the remark, "Mendacity is the system we live in." But if truth is the main subject of the play's investigation, sex is the peg that the drama is hung on. Big Mama enquires of Maggie if she makes Brick happy in bed, and, pointing to their bed, exclaims, "When a marriage goes on the rocks, the rocks are *here,* right *here!*" Big Daddy talks about Big Mama's insatiability, and how he was too good in bed for forty years to an old woman he couldn't stand "the sight, sound, or smell of". And his first wish, when he thinks he is healthy, is to rectify it all by spending the last years of his life having a sexual "ball". The

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source of Maggie's desperation is her exile from Brick's bed, and she spends a good part of the play being conscious of her body and its attractions. The truth Brick is forced to face is his own partial and repressed homosexuality, and that of his closest friend, for whose death by alcoholic self-destruction Brick is finally responsible—though it is a responsibility he has projected onto Maggie. For it was Maggie who accused the friend and then allowed herself to go to bed with him in an attempt to prove her accusation false, and it was his impotence on that occasion which convinced him the accusation was true, and triggered his break-down into alcoholism. The resolution of the play is also sexual, though the ostensible subject is still truth. Maggie brings to birth a "desperate truth" by telling Big Daddy that she is pregnant with Brick's child, thus fulfilling the profoundest wish of a dying man—a lie different from all the other lies in the play, because it impels its own conversion into truth: as the final curtain falls, Brick and Maggie are going to bed to create that child. This rather intellectualized and schematized handling of the question of truth and mendacity seems to me the weakest aspect of the play. What is said about truth is not nearly so convincing as what emerges dramatically in the course of the play about the truth of relations between people—the opening, for example, of the big second act dialogue between Brick and Big Daddy, with its tentive groping after some real truth, in the form of communication, between them. Or the climax of that same dialogue, in which Brick, forced by Big Daddy into a terrible revelation of his own self-deception, blurts out, almost in vengeance, the truth about the cancer, sending Big Daddy off as the curtain falls, shouting, "Christ—Damn—Damn All—Lyin' Sons of—Lyin' Bitches! Yes— All Liars, All Liars, All Lyin', Dyin' Liars! Lyin'—Dyin'—Liars! Liars! Liars!"

It should be said, in conclusion, that the great weakness of the Williams-Kazan synthetic creation, and particularly of Kazan's part in it, is that much of the artifice tends to be hollow and pasted on. Tremendously effective during the moments one is subjected to it in the theatre, it has a way of evaporating in retrospect; and one realizes that a great many raised questions have been, not answered, but bowled over, and aspects of character or plot, not justified, but arbitrarily imposed. There is, in the method, a certain amount of opportune dishonesty, bamboozling, and trickery, which is, however, perpetrated with consummate theatrical finesse, and revealed only when recollected in tranquillity. Still, Kazan's caterpillar opportunism is not merely the key to his meteoric success, it is an essential ingredient of his genius. If he were not empty of convictions and utterly unscrupulous, if he were more thoughtful and less absolutely intuitive, his conscience would probably destroy him. It is precisely because his imagination is reckless and, to a degree, irresponsible, that he succeeds in creating theatrical effects of a daring and power that no other director on Broadway can begin to approach. His opportunism, both good and bad, is his gift.

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WILLIAM MEREDITH

Metropolitan Opera Chronicle

THE 1954-5 SEASON OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, which ended in Montreal on June 1st after an astonishing total of 215 performances, appears in retrospect to have been a very distinguished one. A sampling of reviews might not seem to confirm this judgment, and it is conceded only grudgingly by those listeners whose standards derive from high-fidelity recordings or from their own (perhaps less faithfully reproduced) little treasuries of memorable performances. But both of these groups, critics and purists, harbor persons in more or less successful disguise who are not now and never have been opera lovers; and probably, as R. P. Blackmur says, it takes a strong and active prejudice to see the truth.

With most of the newspaper critics of opera, one has at last this quarrel: they fail to distinguish between major and minor flaws, or major and minor excellences; between, for example, the monumental vulgarity and inaccuracy of Cristel Goltz' singing and the slight exaggeration that clouded some of Renata Tebaldi's. The New York Times' Olin Downes wrote of the one:

> In the voice of Miss Goltz, and her immensely dramatic temperament, the opera had a Salome worthy to ride the storm of Strauss' orchestration and to imbue the vocal part with all sorts of plangent dramatic effect. The voice has range and strength and lavish color. Miss Goltz knows how to vary these colors and to make her text of the utmost significance. She is, however, by no means the perfect singer, in tone emission and even intonation, by reason of the fact that she will on occasion tear the tone to pieces for dramatic effect.

and of Tebaldi's *Tosca*:

> She has the voice of the drama, warm and also dramatic, to sweep her audience away, even when her style is no more distinguished than it was last night in this particular aria [*Vissi d'arte*], with its slurrings and exaggerations and patent bids for applause.
>
> The character itself has far more light and shade, and a thousand more dramatic nuances than she gave it. Miss Tebaldi was forced at times to sacrifice tonal style and finish to the dramatic exigencies of the situation.

Without disputing the accuracy of these vocal observations taken separately, and they could certainly be disputed, the significant and characteristic thing about the two criticisms is that they conceal the primary fact about the per-

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formances discussed: that they represented, respectively, about the nadir and the zenith of the season's vocal accomplishments.

A lot of music critics seem to accommodate their standards to the work at hand, like the daily book reviewer; but with less generosity, for where the latter is promiscuously charitable, music critics incline to a promiscuous churlishness, at least towards grand opera. The *New Yorker's* Winthrop Sargeant, using the same tone that makes the magazine's drama and movie reviews virtual phillipics, is unable to achieve any such effect in his opera reviews simply because that tone is general among opera critics. The New York *Herald Tribune's* Jay S. Harrison is an eloquent exception, and his colleague, Paul Henry Lang, an exception. Both betray undisguised enthusiasm for good performances. Their reviews were among the few that conveyed a sense of the accomplishments of the recent season.

As for the musical standards invoked from selected recordings and performances, I think the Metropolitan met these securely, too. Opera is experienced at two removes, at least, in a recording. Of these, the loss of the visual and dramatic element is probably less serious than the removal of that sense of risk or commitment on the artist's part which is a principal excitement in any live artistic performance. No reasonable hearer goes to the opera house expecting to hear as flawless a musical performance as could be expected from the same artists under recording conditions. But what he gains at a live performance, in experiencing the risks taken jointly by all the musicians involved, is simply another proper dimension of opera, and one which a recording can hardly suggest. (The late Florence Foster Jenkins conveyed fully on wax this sense of peril, but what she provided was never exactly an aesthetic experience, or only to the degree that an early Christian among the lions provided aesthetic experience: it was chiefly immolatory, and Madame Jenkins was always eaten, in the end.)

A fair comparison of the Metropolitan with other companies in live performance is easier than a comparison with recordings, but it may still involve comparing disparate elements. Shorter seasons, smaller or better houses, less varied repertories, the advantages conferred by subsidy—any of these can eliminate problems with which the Metropolitan must continue to deal. The responsibility with which the Metropolitan Opera addresses itself to the task of presenting a repertory of 25 bills (comprising 27 operas and a ballet) in 215 performances, in 18 cities and in a variety of less than ideal houses, is unknown and probably unthinkable to other companies. The very size of this undertaking could be cited to excuse the weakness of certain performances, but probably it should not be. Probably the incidence of excellence in the repertory of this company compares favorably with all but a handful of companies in the world, and that handful work under conditions so favorable as to approach the synthetic advantages of the recording studio.

There were at least half a dozen performances at the Metropolitan this year

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that would currently be hard to match elsewhere. The *Manon* which Pierre Monteux conducted, with Victoria de los Angeles and Cesare Valletti, was completely satisfactory musically. The *Otello's* in which Renata Tebaldi sang were handsomely integrated performances in which three less reliable artists gave magnificent performances: the conductor Fritz Stiedry (whose Figaro remains a leisurely bore), the tenor Mario del Monaco (who sometimes shouts and usually over-acts), and the baritone Leonard Warren. The new production of Richard Strauss' *Arabella* was so well sung and conducted that the critics were reduced to a unanimous attack on the dead composer and librettist. Somewhat the same reception was accorded Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*, which was carried to great heights by conductor Fausto Cleva and Zinka Milanov (Tebaldi also sang one performance), with masterly assistance from del Monaco, Herta Glaz, and Ettore Bastianini, the new baritone who alternated with Warren. *Ballo in Maschera* was another extremely fine job, comparing favorably with the one Toscanini ended his NBC opera career with. This was conducted by Mitropoulos and sung by Milanov, Richard Tucker, Warren, Roberta Peters and (on three occasions) Marian Anderson, whose great artistry seemed to me to compensate fully for the decline of her vocal powers. *Die Meistersinger* was given an exceptional performance, with a cast that could only be named in its entirety: all seventeen of the major roles were assigned to first-rate singers; and if Mr. Stiedry could have been induced to move along a little more rapidly he might have produced a perfect reading of the opera.

Such a list is of course a trifle arbitrary. A reasonable critic does not contend that these performances were perfect, although the work of many of the artists named approached perfection here. Yet in each of these operas, something so close to magic occurred as to make comparisons with other companies unreliable, and to make me frankly sceptical of those who recall more favorably a performance in Salzburg in 1952 or in Rome in 1949. It is surprising that of almost all of these performances, certain reviewers contrived enough minor complaints to suggest something well short of first class opera. What had in fact taken place was first class opera with occasional, and probably inevitable, imperfections. And there were performances, too, of *The Barber of Seville, La Gioconda, Don Giovanni,* and *Tosca* which were very nearly perfect.

II

The Metropolitan's roster of conductors had a great deal to do with the achievements of the past season. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who opened the New York Philharmonic season with a handsome concert version of *Die Walkuere,* led some of the winter's most electrifying performances at the Metropolitan. His mastery of the orchestra during the ballet *Vittorio* and Strauss' *Salome* was the decisive factor in saving this ill-advised bill. The Verdi music for *Vittorio* was beautifully adapted by Julius Berger, and Mitropoulos made of it a musical

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event; this attoned for the busy conventionalities going on across the footlights, into which Mia Slavenska alone was able to introduce moments of impressive dancing. The season's Salome, Cristel Goltz, whose recordings attest that she once sang the role as well as Ljuba Welitch, seems to have paid the same price that Welitch did for singing it too often and too hard: she has expended, rather than employed, her voice in the undertaking. It is very uncertain in the lower registers, and inaccurate in the middle ones. She endeavored to compensate for this by dramatic and vocal excesses for which she is not physically equipped. But again Mitropoulos came to the rescue. Insisting on the symphonic nature of the work, he held it together and gave it an eloquence of phrase that made not only the opera but some of Goltz's own singing memorable.

The other work Mitropoulos led was the revival of Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. This was an equally dazzling performance, and although the conductor occasionally embarrassed a florid singer with his strictness of line, the work was magnificently alive. Mitropoulos' long, sweeping gestures, which seem almost to touch the singers and instruments he is calling up, imparted a vitality to his performances that was perfectly operatic.

Pierre Monteux, who turned eighty towards the end of the season, conducted *Faust*, *Manon* and *Orfeo ed Euridice* with flawless gallic decorum. Except for the fact that the part lies too low for Risë Stevens (and except for the ballet, which is discussed below), this *Orfeo* was completely satisfactory. Like Mitropoulos, Monteux brings authority to all his performances. It was a delight to watch him work with artists like Valletti and de los Angeles in *Manon*, where the *rapport* between singers and conductor allowed for the most intelligent use of all the musical resources at their disposal. With Monteux, Stevens demonstrated a musical and dramatic understanding not present in her now rather threadbare *Carmen*. Eleanor Steber, Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce and a number of other genuine artists (as against the mere singers) in the company showed Monteux' genius in their work under his baton, a genius for clarity and measure. It was almost unfair to Gounod to turn this knowing old Frenchman on him with a cast of first-rate singers: the saccharine music of *Faust* could not bear the weight.

Rudolf Kempe, who arrived in mid-season to conduct Wagner and *Arabella*, is a young German artist of great style and vigor. His handicaps in the Wagnerian wing were as great as Mitropoulos'. There is no fine Heldentenor at the Met now, and apparently very few elsewhere. Ramon Vinay and Set Svanholm depend on intelligence, bravery, and the orchestra to cover up their vocal inadequacies, but each of these at times forsook them. Astrid Varnay and Margaret Harshaw are more nearly equal to their assignments as dramatic sopranos, but Varnay's voice wobbles badly sometimes, and Harshaw is visually and dramatically at a disadvantage as Isolde and Venus. Kempe worked wonders with his *Tannhaeuser* and *Tristan*, notwithstanding. Part of his success was

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simply that he moved along at a much brisker pace than Stiedry had in *Meistersinger* or was to do in an interminable *Parsifal* at the season's end.

But Kempe's real triumph was *Arabella*. This score is even more dependent upon phrasing than *Salome* or *Rosenkavalier*, because its melodic line is a good deal more elusive. Indeed, *Arabella's* chief weakness (although nowhere near so serious a one as most critics would have us believe) is the reticence with which its melodic statements are made. The melody is there, but Strauss has not given it the explicit statement of his earlier work, so that it remains for the singers and the conductor to point it out. This Kempe did. The triumphs of Eleanor Steber and George London in the principal roles, and of Blanche Thebom and Martha Lipton (the latter was the only really successful substitution in the original cast of this difficult work), Ralph Herbert and Hilde Gueden in secondary ones, were made possible by Kempe's sensitive phrasing and delicate ear for melody. Audiences seemed to like the work, and its box-office failure and removal from next season's repertory can be laid very largely, I think, to the critics.

Another fine conductor whose work this year singled him out from the staff to which he has long belonged, is Fausta Cleva. *Aida, Andrea Chenier,* and *La Gioconda*—surely three of the grandest of grand operas—were assigned to him, as well as *Tosca* and *Otello* (in each of which he conducted Tebaldi), and the relatively less tempestuous *La Traviata* and *La Bohème*. Cleva is a self-effacing conductor. His love for the score and for the musicians at work shows itself in a kind of attendance on events rather than in the dominance of them; but he brings off his miracles quietly and regularly.

It was Fritz Stiedry who conducted the marvelous Saturday afternoon broadcast of *Otello*. While it was not Tebaldi's best performance in the role of Desdemona, it was certainly a fine collective achievement. Stiedry's *Don Carlo* was excellent, too. But to Mozart and Wagner he gave a stately German pace that is wrong for the former, and if right, then intolerable, for the latter.

It has been announced that these conductors will be joined by Thomas Schippers next season. Mr. Bing's concern for good conducting, and the tradition for excellence in the pit which Edward Johnson left him, have been among his greatest assets as General Manager.

III

People tend to discuss the Metropolitan Opera as if it were an academy, with the vices natural to academic art: excessive conservatism and an official, monolithic approach to its work. The management occasionally fortifies this notion by that sublime tone of Big Brother (or at least of Milton Cross) in which it couches its announcements. But the truth is, the most perceptive criticism nowadays complains precisely of a *lack* of conservatism with regard

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to operatic tradition, and at the end of Rudolf Bing's fifth season as General Manager, and in spite of his admirable firmness in the exercise of that role, there are still enough unreconciled aims and techniques at work within the company to refute any charge of uniformity.

In the matter of staging, the work of Dino Yannopoulos (who had a hand in a third of the operas staged this past year) was frankly non-operatic. In common with certain of the stage diretors at the New York City Opera, Mr. Yannopoulos seems to hold that his business is to provide dramatic entertainment for people who don't like opera, so that their evenings shall not be altogether wasted. This concept results in some very busy evenings, on both sides of the footlights. Music lovers are presented such interesting challenges as: 1) trying to find the singers, at the height of stage traffic (*Otello,* Act 1; *Meistersinger* and *Bohème,* Act 2); 2) trying to hear the singer over the laughter provoked by stage clowning (*Don Giovanni,* Act 2, opening scene; *Carmen,* Act 1); and 3) trying to give credence to perfectly incredible incidents (the small boy who operates a toy guillotine, without victim, endlessly, during Act 2 of *Chenier;* the handling of the smugglers' cardboard loot in Act 3 of *Carmen*). Yannopoulos seems not to be aware of the stage traditions of opera, which differ a good deal in intent from those of the theater. The staging of an opera should always be subordinate to the music; its whole aim should be to reinforce a drama which is projected primarily by musical means. Just as a singer—even a highly skilled actress like Albanese—leaves off realistic acting to deal solely with the musical problems of a crucial aria, so a stage director must put aside stage business when either singers or orchestra are conveying important dramatic statements. And to try to "fill in" other moments of an opera with anecdotal activity on the part of minor characters is equally at variance with operatic drama. What credence we give to an opera, we give for largely musical reasons. If the action is obtrusive, as it so often is in Mr. Yannopoulos' staging, it is worse in effect than the most artificial tableau of frozen extras, which presumably is what he is at such pains to avoid. Of the nine operas staged or directed by Yannopoulos this year, none escaped moments of ludicrous or inappropriate realism. In their way, these do more to shatter operatic illusion than any amount of old-time clutch-and-stagger acting could do.

The best staged operas of the season were the work of Herbert Graf. His restrained and essentially traditional approach to *Orfeo, Ballo in Maschera* and *Arabella* made them dramatically among the most successful productions.

Some but not enough moments of lovely dancing were provided this season by Mia Slavenska and Alicia Markova. Very little else can be said for either the choreography or the way it was danced or the effect it had on the operas concerned. While the full-length ballet *Vittorio* showed some careful preparation, it was not an impressive ballet in any way except, as noted, musically. The time and money which it took from the company were not justified by the

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final result. It is disturbing to hear that the choreographer of this and all the ballet work seen this season, Zachary Solov, has been asked to contrive another original ballet and to present an entire evening of ballet in the name of the Metropolitan next year. He has demonstrated very meagre talent as a dancer (he danced in *Orfeo* and *Vittorio* last season), and scarcely more for choreography or selecting and training his corps de ballet.

Mr. Solov has had some time now to implement the new management's policy with regard to ballet. In theory, this was to create a highly trained group of dancers who would be used whenever possible in order to keep them at a high level of proficiency. They are certainly very much in evidence, but anyone who saw *La Gioconda* or *Aida* this past season can testify that the proficiency has not been achieved. It was hard to believe of the brief, wavering lines of dancers in the Dance of the Hours that they had spent a term at ballet school; or that the choreographer did not have a savage satire in his head when he contrived the bumps and grinds of the triumphal scene in *Aida*. Under the circumstances, it would not seem prudent to extend the activities of this group now.

IV

It is hard to single out the work of a few singers from the strong roster of the Metropolitan's late season. The weaknesses of that roster—in the registers of the dramatic soprano, contralto and tenor—are shared by other prominent opera companies. These things apparently run in cycles: just now we are long on lyric sopranos, mezzos, and baritones.

The wealth of lyric sopranos was demonstrated by three superb Tosca's this season, a feat almost as remarkable as the four Boris's of two seasons ago. Licia Albanese was the first and the best suited to the part visually and dramatically. As always in Puccini, she used her voice so intelligently and played the part with such dramatic skill that she was tremendously persuasive. The second Tosca, Zinka Milanov (who is properly a dramatic soprano), sings and acts so differently from Albanese that it was like a different opera. A full-scale *diva*, Milanov disdains realism in favor of a stylized acting technique all her own but owing something each to Bernhardt and Mack Sennett. That she is so convincing in her great roles is owing to her understanding of the primary musical drama. In her Tosca, what she dramatizes is the musical plight of Puccini's heroine. She makes the perils of the score, rather than those of the libretto, the chief source of excitement. Her voice, although not always accurate, is as big and as rich as any at the Metropolitan, and she uses it with great generosity.

Tebaldi's Tosca was a triumph of pure voice. She did not have the dramatic skill of Albanese or the vocal heroism of Milanov. She didn't need them. This big, clear voice was one of the great experiences of the past season. A good deal was said about the "edge," or metallic quality, that was

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heard in her opening fortissimo passages. This is not a severe defect nor unique with her: de los Angeles' voice sometimes has such an edge. Both of these singers produce such beautiful sounds so consistently that it is not hard to overlook a small mechanical flaw.

Eleanor Steber's Arabella was probably her most successful Metropolitan role to date. Her English diction was not always clear, but her warmth and elegance and charm communicated the character better, in all probability, than John Gutman's rather inelegant translation would have if one could have understood more of it. A young soprano, Lucine Amara, came into her own this past season with half a dozen major roles, of which Micaela in *Carmen* was perhaps the best. Blanche Thebom added to her large repertory the role of *Carmen,* which proved equally well suited to her voice and her rather flamboyant style of acting. Herta Glaz gave perhaps the most remarkable secondary performance of the season as the Countess in *Chenier,* which she sang and acted to perfection. Salvatore Baccaloni's Mathieu in the same opera was a close second.

Cesare Valletti gave the best male performances of the season, it seemed to me, as Des Grieux in *Manon,* Almaviva in *The Barber,* and Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni.* He has a way of singing every note as if he were on the concert stage, and yet he moves easily and gracefully in his dramatic character. He uses his small, flexible voice as intelligently as any opera singer around. Eugene Conley, who sings set pieces pleasantly enough but is careless and vulgar between arias, is at a great disadvantage when he follows so consistent an artist as Valletti in a role. Richard Tucker's Verdi roles were as good this year as they have ever been.

Baritones and bassos are the Metropolitan's long suit. Leonard Warren sang many fine performances this season. His technique is a little like Milanov's; if he acts somewhat better, he is less generous with his voice. He and Milanov were totally successful in *Gioconda,* where the libretto is as improbable as a Marx Brothers script but also quite as irrelevant. Cesare Siepi was a splendid King Phillip in *Don Carlo,* a splendid Figaro in *Le Nozze di Figaro,* a splendid Don Basilio in *The Barber.* Ettore Bastianini, George London, Jerome Hines, Fernando Corena and Walter Cassell all gave notable performances; and in what other opera company in the world would it be necessary, in the interest of space, to lump together five artists of their calibre?

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The new productions scheduled for next season are *Don Pasquale, Contes d'Hoffman* and *The Magic Flute.* The Donizetti work will be particularly welcome after many years. It was offered this spring by the New York City Opera, but with an absence of musical and dramatic style that is rapidly becoming standard there. *The Magic Flute* will be sung in English, as will

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Boris Gudunov and *Die Fledermaus*. I will not risk losing the persevering reader here by raising the weary problem of opera in English. Mr. Bing and his lieutenant John Gutman are both known to favor translation, but have been deterred by the absence of singable English texts, an absence which Mr. Gutman's *Arabella* and *Tosca* do little to relieve. This position received a couple of set-backs from the appalling *Bohème* and *Gianni Schicchi* with which it was launched. It is to be hoped that the management is coming to see that whatever the exigencies of television and Broadway, and whatever the customs of Central Europe, the Metropolitan audience as a whole prefers its opera straight.

Only in its compromises, indeed, has Rudolf Bing's administration erred seriously. Opera in English (which so far, except for works composed to English librettos, has meant opera in demotic English) is a concept akin to opera as theater or opera as ballet. It betrays a lack of faith in opera as opera. In the light of its seventy-second season, the Metropolitan should no doubt the ability of grand opera to flourish on its own terms, in all its lovely intransigence.

Reviews

YVOR WINTERS

English Literature in the Sixteenth Century[1]

None of the books with which I am dealing treats the Elizabethan drama; therefore I would like to begin with a few speculations on that topic, in order to get it out of the way. The Elizabethan (and Jacobean) drama has, I believe, been greatly over-rated. There have been two major reasons for this, the first of which may have induced the second. First, Shakespeare wrote at least three of the greatest tragedies known to us (*Macbeth, Hamlet,* and *Othello*), and a few others that are great as tragedies go; and there are great scenes and even acts elsewhere in his plays, notably in the histories. Shakespeare casts a long shadow: he learned something (not much, I think, in proportion to what he added) from his predecessors. His contemporaries and immediate successors learned from Shakespeare what little holds them more or

[1]ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, by *C. S. Lewis*. Oxford University Press. $7.00. This is Volume III of the Oxford History of English Literature, a projected series of twelve volumes by various authors. SIXTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH POETRY, edited by *Norman E. McClure*. SIXTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH PROSE, edited by *Karl J. Holzknecht*; both published by Harper, and parts of a projected eight-volume series of anthologies under the editorship of Holzknecht. $6.00; $6.00.

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less together, but they are thin in spite of what they were able to absorb. If we can imagine the whole body of dramatic work of the period without Shakespeare, and are willing to suppose for the sake of the argument that Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors would have been the same without him, I think it will be hard to defend the idea that we have here even a good second-rate dramatic literature. What we would see would be a body of primitive, though talented, drama (Kyd, Marlowe) and of decadent but equally unrealized drama following. Somewhere on the side would be the massively learned and theoretical figures of Chapman and Jonson, the second far better than the first, but neither a really successful dramatist. The second reason is that because the literature is bulky, has its fine moments, and exhibits the thought of the period, it has been a happy hunting ground for scholars in the history of ideas. A third and minor reason is Mr. Eliot's sentimental and semi-critical interest in the literature. But if we eliminate Shakespeare, we have no one to compare with Racine, Corneille, and Molière, and even Shakespeare is less competent than these men in many ways, though I grant that he is greater. And I doubt that we have anyone to compare even with Lope, Calderón and Alarcón, though I have not read any large body of Spanish drama in a good many years. It is a great pity that almost no scholars in the English Renaissance read Spanish, and that most read French so badly.[2] Without Shakespeare, the drama of the great period is a promising but half civilized medium.

The prose of the period is even worse, vastly inferior to the Spanish prose of the same period, for example, though some great minds forced their way through the barbarous medium without improving it greatly (Hooker is one, and Bacon another). If one compares the prose and the verse of the most remarkable men who used both mediums, such men as Gascoigne, Nashe, Sidney, Raleigh, and Greville, the difference is striking—and baffling. These men were highly civilized poets, but their prose, regardless of the value of the ideas expressed, is clumsy. Holzknecht's anthology gives us a passable cross-section of the prose, and so far as style is concerned, one cross-section is almost as good as another. Lyly is a relief when one comes to him, because his prose has a principle of order: the principle, like the matter, is trivial, but it is at least a principle. Lewis's treatment of the prose writers is in the main excellent, and he summarizes and criticizes content as well as style, but if one is interested primarily in the development of prose as a medium, one can learn more from *The Triumph of the English Language* by Richard Foster Jones[3] than one can from either Lewis or Holzknecht. Prose as a medium generally understood and usable began to emerge late in the seventeenth century, when the great tradition of the short poem was almost dead.

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[2]This remark is not directed at the gentlemen under review. Mr. Lewis appears to be a better linguist than I am, though I cannot guess as to his Spanish. Of the other two gentlemen I know nothing.

[3]*The Triumph of the English Language*, by Richard Foster Jones. Stanford University Press. 1953.

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However, two mediums of expression were brought to a high point of achievement in the sixteenth century and were widely mastered, by minor artists as well as great, and were widely understood and appreciated: music and the short poem. With the first we have nothing to do on this occasion. Without counting pages, I should say that about half of Lewis's book deals with the short poem and with those forms of narrative and didactic poetry which seem to have profited in some measure from the developments in the short poem, and this is as it should be. But his treatment of the poetry raises certain questions as to his critical competence, the critical competence of professors generally, and the nature of literary history and historiography. The various kinds of short poem were handled in an expert manner by a large number of poets from Wyatt onward, the number increasing rapidly in the last twenty years of the century. Most of this work was minor, but some of it was very great, and by 1615 the foundations had been laid for the work of the seventeenth century and much of the greatest poetry of the Renaissance had been written. The whole subject would seem to have a certain interest.

The common way of treating the history of poetry in the universities is in terms of schools or movements. That is, one studies the Petrarchan qualities of the Petrarchans, the Metaphysical qualities of the Metaphysicals, and so on; or more narrowly the Sidneyishness of Sidney and the Donnishness of Donne. The qualities in question are real and they are a part of history: they should be studied. But when poetry is reduced to these qualities, the historian (and unwittingly the gentle reader) begins to think of poetry in terms of statistical averages, with unaccountable and violent revolutions from time to time: Sidney represents a violent break with early Elizabethan verse, Donne a revolution against Sidney and Spenser. There are a few revolutions in the history of English poetry, but there are fewer than the scholars believe. The worst aspect of this view of history, however, is this: it reduces the standard of any period to the average of the eccentricities of the period or school or poet in question, and leads to the neglect of the great poems which appear from generation to generation and hence to the neglect of the main line of development, that is, to the neglect of the facts which are the really essential facts of history.

One can see the results of this teaching in most of the young men who review poetry and criticism in our literary journals, young men who tend to be a trifle contemptuous of the academic world but who in the main are formed by it. In reading poetry they seem to be concerned not with whether the poetry is good but with whether it is of our century: and this means usually a very simple thing—does the poetry follow the mannerisms of one or more of the poets who are supposed to embody the intelligence (if that is the word for it) of our time, Pound, Eliot, Stevens, Williams, or perhaps Miss Moore? The reviewer is helpless to identify honest writing, but he can easily fasten himself to a mannerism more or less in the way in which a barnacle fastens himself to a pile.

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Let me list a minimal number of poets and poems: Wyatt (Whoso list to hunt, Tagus Farewell, Is it possible, They flee from me, My lute awake); Gascoigne (Gascoigne's Woodmanship, The Lullaby of a Lover, Gascoigne's De Profundis, The Constancy of a Lover); Googe (Of Money, Coming Homeward out of Spain, To Dr. Bale); Raleigh (The Lie, The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage); Nashe (In Time of Pestilence, Autumn hath all); Fulke Greville (The world that all containes, All my senses, Farewell, Sweet Boy, Wrapt up O Lord, Down in the depths, Syon Lies Waste); Jonson (Though beauty be the mark of praise, False world, good night, Great and good God, Let it not your wonder move); Donne (Thou hast made me, At the round earth's imagined corners).[4] This tradition of the plain style, fairly sophisticated in Wyatt, less sophisticated in Googe and Gascoigne (but more powerful in Gascoigne), progressively more sophisticated in the later poets, leads directly into the best work of the seventeenth century. For example: Edward Herbert (Elegy over a Tomb); George Herbert (Church Monuments); Henry Vaughan (To His Books, The Lamp, Friends Departed); and others.

The Petrarchan movement, as we get it in Sidney and Spenser, is not the major issue of the last years of the century, as Lewis and others appear to think. It is a side issue, though a fairly important one. It contributed to the increase in sophistication, but the more able poets were not overwhelmed by the new rhetoric, and appear to have been aware of its dangers. The Petrarchan movement did not displace the tradition of the plain style, though it has obscured this style in the eyes of many modern scholars.[5] Nor, I think, can Donne be explained simply as a rebel against Sidney and the Sidneyizers: his more irritating work seems to be a parody of them, but the parody more often than not appears to be unintentional—a combination of his peculiar neuroses, his peculiar form of seriousness, and his very personal variety of bad taste; and his best work is in line with the main tradition before and after. The attempt to explain Renaissance poetry in terms of schools and revolutions results, I believe, in the neglect of the best poems and of the important historical facts.

But Lewis sees the sixteenth century in terms of two schools: the Drab and

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[4]This list could be greatly extended, partly by major poems, largely by minor poets and poems in the same tradition. I am now engaged in a critical and historical study of the short poem in English, in the course of which the list will be greatly extended. But this list will give an indication of what I have in mind if the reader has the curiosity to examine the poems. I have not listed poems which show objectively an influence of poem upon poem, but there are quite a few of these.

[5]At this point, I would like to interject one word of warning to the professors. Poets are not fools (I mean good poets); they are capable of perceiving in their early twenties facts which professors may or may not manage to perceive in their sixties or seventies. I am not trying to be insulting (the technical term, I think, is "arrogant"); I am trying rather to state an important truth which is overlooked for the greater part in the academic world. There is likely to be over long periods what one might call an underground, or unpublicized, tradition of the best writing, which one can discover only if one has the perception to trace the tradition from poem to poem. I am fully aware that these remarks are heretical.

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the Golden. He says that these two terms have no evaluative connotations; but of course they have such connotations, as everyone who has read the book has remarked. He would have done better to employ the terms of the age, to refer to the plain style and to the sugared or eloquent style: he would thus have come closer to seeing things as they were seen at the time and perhaps as they really were. He sees his "Drab" poets in terms of their dead mechanical jingling, and his "Golden" poets in terms of their sugared silliness. He dislikes the first and likes the second. He blames modern scholars for approaching the period with Romantic prejudices, but he sees the entire poetry of the period in terms of a Romantic prejudice: he likes the pretty so profoundly that he overlooks the serious. And he misses most of the best poems in both schools. The best poems in both schools have more in common with each other and less in common with their respective schools than have the typical poems; and this is the difficulty.

I will list a few particular objections, of various kinds—not all that have occurred to me, but some that have most bothered me. Lewis writes bitterly of the humanists. He says (p. 30): "The war between the humanists and the schoolmen was not a war between ideas: it was, on the humanists' side, a war against ideas. It is a manifestation of the humanistic tendency to make eloquence the sole test of learning . . ." Yet on page 330 and elsewhere he praises Sidney for his eloquence, without regard to the facts that the passages which please him have little substance or seriousness and that the humanists are doubtless largely to be thanked for the dawning of this kind of eloquence. On page 227 he says: "But Wyatt's permanent value is to be found in his lyrics. They are not except in a very few places precursors of the Elizabethan lyric. A single line such as 'The erth hath wept to here my heavines' or a whole poem like 'The answer that ye made to me my dere' may look forward; but essentially Wyatt is doing work of a different kind. His language is usually as plain as that of his English lyric predecessors; to a taste formed on the decorated tradition which runs through English poetry from Spenser to Tennyson it may even sound sub-poetical." Lewis does not want to admit that it sounds sub-poetical to him, but it does sound so: from Spenser onward he overlooks the great poems in the main tradition and concentrates—with real enthusiasm—on the decorative poems. And again (p. 235) he says of Surrey: "He does not warble woodnotes nor thunder in high astounding terms nor wanton in luscious imagery: when he reminds us of the Elizabethans at all, he reminds of 'well-languaged Daniel' or sober *Nosce Teipsum*." God help us all! This might be Tennyson or Swinburne speaking, or, worse, one of their admirers. Of Wilson's *Rhetoric* he says: "To judge its essential merits as a handbook is not easy for us who do not know the art Wilson is teaching; I suspect rather than believe, it is not very good." And so on. Perhaps so, but its influence and the influence of other such books, even on the poets Lewis most admires, was considerable. For example, Douglas Peterson, in the Shakespeare Quarterly

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(V-4, Autumn 1954), has shown that Shakespeare's *The expense of spirit* is based solidly on a passage in Wilson, and one can find other examples of similar influence; and the rhetoricians were the descendants of the humanists. Lewis quotes a passage from Spenser (p. 390), which he dislikes, and labels it as "Drab," and then quotes a "Golden" passage:

> *By this the Northerne wagoner had set*
> *His seven fold teme behind the steadfast starre*
> *That was in Ocean waves yet never wet*
> *But firm is fixed and sendeth light from farre*
> *To all that in the wide deep wandering are. . . .*

Of this he says: "That is plain gold; the unsubtle yet delicious flow, the frank (yet here not excessive) alliteration, the frequent images, the Homeric echoes." This from the man who brushes Raleigh off without mention of *The Lie* or *The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage,* who deals casually with Gascoigne, without mention of his *Woodmanship,* and who feels that Greville is a dull poet who in some undefined way may somewhat resemble the Augustans: Lewis simply has not discovered what poetry is. In any book of this scope there will be errors in scholarship, and if I had written the book I should doubtless have committed more than Lewis; furthermore, one can hardly expect that an Englishman of Lewis's age should have read an American scholar at least twenty years his junior. Yet had he read J. V. Cunningham's *Woe or Wonder*[6], he would not have written this sentence (p. 19): "If Dryden departs from Aristotle to make 'admiration' the 'delight of serious plays,' Minturno had led the way (*De Poeta* II)"; and had he read Cunningham's *"Essence" and the Phoenix and Turtle*[7], he would not have floundered so helplessly in dealing with Shakespeare's poem.

There are many men who have read more in this field than I have, and Lewis is certainly one of them. Some of them will find errors in Lewis which I have overlooked. I have found more errors in my own few publications than I have found in Lewis. It is not the errors in scholarship which trouble me, primarily, however, for those are inevitable. It is the critical mind that bothers me. It is my own conviction that one cannot write the history of poetry unless one can find the best poems. The best poems are the essential facts from which the historian must proceed. The background of ideas is important; the characteristic eccentricities of schools and poets are part of the material; but without the best poems, the history is not a history but an impressionistic and perhaps (as in this case) a learned essay. Lewis cannot find the poems.

There is a great deal in Lewis's book which is valuable, and I may as well

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[6] *Woe or Wonder,* by J. V. Cunningham. University of Denver Press. 1951.
[7] ELH, Vol. 19, No. 4.

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confess a great deal which has added to my own education. His discussion of ideas, his criticism of conventional dichotomies of ideas (especially in the early part of the volume), are very acute. And there is more. But what is the function of this kind of book? No single man is competent to write it. I recently asked one of my colleagues how many men, in his opinion, would read it through. He replied that very few would read it through, but that it would be used mainly for reference. He was probably right. But if it is used for that purpose it is misleading: it is the work of a man who has read most (perhaps all) of the literature in the field, but who is competent to discuss only a small part of it professionally. One cannot understand and evaluate the book unless one has read most of the material discussed, and as far as reference is concerned, there are many books and articles of more limited scope which are far more helpful in connection with the matters which they treat. The book is, as I have said, misleading, and so is every other book of the kind which I have ever read. And within twenty years it will doubtless be superseded by another book on the same subject, which will be better in some ways and worse in others. The first-rate monograph, or the first-rate critical essay, is never superseded; it becomes a part of literature; but the text-book is a hugger-mugger affair, no matter who writes it. Lewis undertook a thankless task, and a hopeless one.

The two anthologies which I have been assigned are similar in their virtues and defects to Lewis's books. They represent statistical views, or cross-sections of the period. I have already said that I think this roughly adequate where the prose is concerned, but I may be wrong: I know far less about the prose than I know about the poetry. It is not adequate where the poetry is concerned. And the critical comments in McClure's book sink far below the level of Lewis; for example: "The *Induction* [to *A Mirror for Magistrates*] is rightly regarded as the best English poem between Chaucer and Spenser." This is what one might describe as a stone-age opinion, and there is little excuse for it.

Yet these anthologies are better than most. A good deal of traditional rubbish has been eliminated; a little new rubbish has been added; and (so far as the anthology of poetry is concerned) a good many great works have been omitted. These anthologies are designed for the college classroom rather than for the general reader (whoever he may be). I suspect that this kind of anthology is better for the general reader than the other kind, and perhaps better than Lewis's history, for we have here not merely some kind of historical and bibliographical introduction, but specimens as well. We meet, at least, a few pieces of the actual literature. We may get a second-rate opinion and selection of the literature, but we at least get something to read, along with some helpful hints, and we can go on from there. As to scholarship and criticism, one has to look for it wherever it happens to lie concealed. One tracks it down year by year, by employing the latest bibliographical methods. Or else one reads and reads and reads and does one's best to remember. It is a messy business, any way one takes it; but it is also fascinating.

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ROBERT MARTIN ADAMS

Two 19th-Century Immoralists[1]

PERSONALITIES IN THE REALLY GRAND STYLE PROVIDE biographers with a kind of built-in competition that is sometimes close to overpowering. The great counter-romanticists, in particular, Beyle, Byron, and Heine, lived always with one eye on posterity's mirror, and so are not to be surprised by many perceptions which they did not themselves record, not to be overcome by biographical judgments for which they were unprepared. Their own version of things is already standard. Thus the only life of Stendhal available in English (by Matthew Josephson, Doubleday, 1946) is already overshadowed by *The Life of Henry Brulard* (1939), *The Memoirs of Egotism* (1949), *The Selected Letters* (1952), and the present selection from *The Journals;* while the materials available in French have swelled to proportions almost as scandalous as those which afflict Boswell. Stendhal's collected writings in the Divan edition now fill 75 volumes; in the face of so much intimate detail, biography would be almost an impudence. Only an editor hardened in his craft, like M. Martineau, can presume, under a modest title like *Le Coeur de Stendhal,* to present a tentative little two-volume summary of the essential facts. As for Byron, it is a quarter-century since Maurois' excellent popular study was published; when Professor Marchand's long-awaited biography appears, it will represent the first full-scale reworking of original Byron materials in the century and a quarter since the poet's death.

Meanwhile the trend toward elaborate reproduction of contemporary documents continues happily in the volumes under review. They are big, beautiful, well-printed, handsomely-designed and boldly-conceived volumes, which are a pure delight to hold in the hand. Books like these flatter the owner and shed merit on the designer; they bring to the simple function of sitting on shelves a truly senatorial authority.

Mr. Robert Sage, working on the Stendhal *Journals,* has assumed the more elaborate job, as editor, compiler, abridger, and translator of his materials. Among all these tasks, he has done least well with the translation. The trouble is not just that his volume is typographically careless (see *illy* p. 377, *seductor* p. 222, *no reason for self-approach* p. 292, *a better chance that if* p. 250, etc.); there is a troubling verbal fuzziness in spots, and too often the gap between French and English idiom is simply not spanned. "Felipe went to Louason's side, with Wagner, who was the maximum of the German sort today" (p. 131); however literally this follows Beyle's words, it is not English speech; and in fact the latter part of the sentence has been repunctuated, in Mr. Sage's

[1]THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL, ed. and tr. by *Robert Sage.* Doubleday. $7.50. HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE, ed. *E. J. Lovell, Jr.* Macmillan. $7.50.

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translation, to its notable disadvantage. American slang is intrusive in other places; *kidded* p. 137, *bawled out* p. 296, and *Zowie!* p. 483 do not suggest the qualities of Beyle's French. The indexer, whover he was, did not bother to understand the book he was indexing—see, for example, the entries under "Marini". For the rest, the editor's work has been done with prevailing taste and fidelity. There is an occasional minor failure in the dovetailing of commentary with text, and one would like to see the division into notebooks somehow retained or indicated. But these are picayune flaws; the heart of the journals is here in English for the first time.

The Private Diaries of Stendahl as thus presented cover in abridged form almost all the period during which Beyle kept a journal; but the first thing to emphasize is that they are entirely the work of a young man. They take the author, in fact, from the age of 17 to about 31, picking up just where *The Life of Henry Brulard* cut off, and leaving Beyle, after the fall of Napoleon, with his military and administrative career played out, his first, half-plagiarized book about to be published, and the seven germinal Italian years of 1814-21 opening before him. Where the journals are scanty or missing entirely, they are shrewdly supplemented with Beyle's correspondence and the editor's summaries, to provide a reasonably continuous narrative. Thus we have, in effect, raw materials for the second volume of that four-volume autobiographical work of which *Henry Brulard* was intended as the first part.

Two seemingly contradictory impressions arise from a reading of these diaries: first, of how deeply Beyle was involved with society, how much he loved the routine of calls, visits, appearances, and the riffle of elegant, urbane conversation; second, of how much he wrote about himself and for himself, with himself in constant view and his own tastes as constant preoccupations. On both scores, Beyle contrasts strikingly with Byron—Byron, who tended to use society as a sounding-board for amplifying his own dramatic dissonances, and whose letters are too often on the level of an energetic and outspoken dog-fancier, without the least touch of inwardness. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Beyle was in constant pursuit of the inner truth about the human heart, that what he relished most, even in social conversation, was the revelation of individuality, of the divine unforeseen; while Byron achieved principally the posture, the gesture, the rhetoric of the heroic-antiheroic stance. Beyle said himself of Byron that he lacked any real experience of men, and was incapable of entering into another character; the sort of vantage-point from which this judgment was made is revealed in the *Private Diaries*.

The excitement of the journals is, in fact, that they chronicle the process by which Beyle made himself Stendhal. We are shown a young man struggling with his temperament and his manners, standing critically over his own impulses and then over his own judgment of those impulses, perpetually subject to misgivings about the nuances of his behavior (misgivings such as Byron never

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dreamed of), but developing by this very process an intimate awareness of manners and of the heart. His inner life at 18 is far more thickly textured than Byron's at 35, more elaborately counterpointed and dimensioned, as it were; it is rich in odd little confrontation-scenes where Beyle, turning abruptly on himself, tries to surprise the very act of truth:

> —*September 23, 1813.*—Coming out of the Brera.— Is it your business to live or to describe your life?
> You should keep a diary only to the extent that doing so might aid you to live *da grande.*

On another occasion, Beyle aged 22 is found writing scraps of conversation with himself, aged 52; his advice, "Withdraw into thyself". Thus his life, even as he lived it, was like a palimpsest, written and overwritten, with commentaries from a dozen different angles. Byron, it has often been remarked, always spoke in his own voice from behind one of several transparent masks; Beyle spoke in twenty different voices. A hundred and seventy-one different pseudonyms scarcely sufficed to indicate the variety of this man's temperamental inclinations. Because he saw life under a textured aspect, as conflicting levels, and intentions at war with impulses, one can move forward easily from the journals into the world of Augie March or backward into that of Don Quixote without ever feeling that one is outside the essential world of comic romance.

To be sure, if the preoccupations of the journals are taken with middle-class seriousness, as ultimates, there is something fundamentally absurd about Beyle as he appears before us. He postures and knows that he postures, preens and scolds himself, fumbles and hesitates with provincial actresses and Italian trollops, dreaming all the while of a Cockayne-land of Mocenigo, till each of his foolish little schemes and projects falls apart and comes to nothing. While other men are making their careers in money, politics, war, or art, we see Beyle, the perpetual backward student of life, fiddling at false starts, vague schemes, vaguer self-analyses, childish resentments and fixations, and dreams of artistic glory based on nothing more than a manifest and absolute incapacity for stage-comedy. Fortunately Chérubin Beyle, known to his son as "The Bastard", had no such perspective of his child as we gain from the journals, or he would have disowned him for good as a hopeless booby.

But the actual events chronicled in the diaries are, for all their author's protesting concern with literal accuracy, mere transparencies through which the bright light of Stendhal's imagination would someday project the brilliant fantasies of Sanseverina and Mosca, Fabrizio and Clélia, Mathilde de la Mole, Madame de Renal, and Julien Sorel. There is in each of the two fully-formed Stendhal novels a moment of fantastic, erotic, egotistical ritual which takes place in a prison. Both Julien and Fabrizio must be transfigured by this dip into inwardness, must withdraw into themselves, before the novels which they

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animate are fully patterned. The young man who, tarnished by a stupid and hostile world, triumphantly reconstitutes himself in the splendor of his own imagination, is a reincarnation of the hero of the journals. In his achievement we see the essential, the only counter-movement to Beyle's famous *N'est-ce que ça?* The petty triumphs and silly disappointments of Beyle in 1800-14 were the substance brilliantly crystallized three decades later in the novels of Stendhal; if he had not buried them so early, so deeply, and with each sharp angle unblurred, they could never have emerged so gloriously in the fiction. How else is a truly 19th-century hero to manage his escape from the specimen-cage where the heroes of Flaubert and James (for example) lie inertly under the pathetic-analytic gaze of their creators? But nothing is hollower than a merely imagined triumph of the imagination; if a victory over life is to live, it must be lived. And in the kind of mixed performance which is Stendhal's special province, where life blends into fantasy and fantasy into art, there is surely a sense in which the novels remain incomplete until one knows the substance, in all its crudity, out of which they were generated and over which they triumphed.

In editing a volume about Lord Byron, Professor Lovell seems at first glance to have assumed a less formidable job than Mr. Sage, though one equally hard to pin down to a single function. His subtitle describes the book as containing "the collected conversations of Lord Byron", but this is only half-accurate. Byron himself is not represented at all as a reporter of his own words, and the main contributions of Captain Medwin and Lady Blessington are reserved for a separate volume. Not all the many authors who contributed to the present grandiose anthology actually describe words exchanged with his Lordship, and they often report a great deal beyond what he said. Though the observations of a few foreigners are included in translated form, most are omitted. Materials by contemporaries are sometimes summarized in the words of modern biographers. To achieve economy, many interpolations, omissions, and summaries have been silently performed. "Impressions of Lord Byron; by Some of his Contemporaries and Some Others" would be a more accurate, if ungainly title.

Another problem arises from the definition of subject-matter and audience. Out of 600 total pages, no less than 210 are devoted to the last journey in behalf of Greek independence, a venture lasting less than a year and productive of no literary achievement whatever. The Greek war did not reveal any striking new facet of Byronic character; it has been elaborately described already in two excellent volumes by Richard Edgcumb and Harold Nicolson, not to mention the regular biographers and historians. Even the quality of the observers deteriorates, in this episode of Byron's life. Artistically, it was pure anti-climax, and two hundred pages of thoroughly observed anticlimax may well seem extravagant. On the other hand, Byron's Venetian menage of 1817-19 plays no part in the volume, except as it is refracted through Shelley's

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virtuous indignation; and even here, Shelley's cheap, revealing little sneer that Italian countesses smell of garlic has been censored out. There is much brilliant material on Byron's usurpation of the Palazzo Mocenigo, material of unquestioned authenticity and great interest, but somehow or other most of it fails to qualify; no conversation happened to get recorded by someone other than Byron who was not writing a foreign language. Thus the basic principles on which the book is built serve to exclude some of the most picturesque materials in the Byron biography and admit some of the most monotonous, throwing the volume as a whole out of alignment and making one uncomfortably aware of a disparity between the objectives of the so-called "Byron specialist" and those of the general reader. One is struck by the fact that in a book from which no scholar can quote a single passage with full confidence that he is getting exact contemporary language and nothing else, fully seventy-five pages of small print are devoted to the apparatus—footnotes, bibliography, and indexes. This is generosity carried to a fault.

The general reader is not, however, concerned with problems like these; and for him, Professor Lovell has assembled a fine, fat sheaf of reports on Byron and his talk. We hear from the bore who found him constrained and dull, and from the intimate crony to whom he exploded immediately the bore was gone; we hear from sea-captains, valets, anonymous travellers, schoolfellows, women, and Americans. Byron is thus seen from the outside by a multitude of observers seeking to focus their various perceptions on the puzzle of a single personality; while Stendhal's journals record an essentially contrary process, a character reflecting its own violet light on the various world. Though Byron kept a journal and Stendhal was observed by outsiders, one could not make so good a book of Byron's interior or Beyle's exterior life; the two volumes as we have them answer perfectly to the genius of their subjects. Naturally, the Byron reports contain many different levels of insight; though sometimes merely sensational, sentimental, or gossipy, the volume at its best has the quality of a wickedly counterpointed and brilliantly timed social comedy. This is enhanced by the editor's full command of his equipment; simply on the technical level, the Stendhal book was clearly produced by a devoted amateur in the art of editing, while the Byron volume is a virtuoso performance in the tricky, the almost perverse art of literary mosaic. If it sometimes casts less light on Byron himself than on the set in which he moved, that was implicit in the nature of the editor's undertaking.

After all, the Byron problem, so-called, is and was very largely a matter of your point of view; if you were Hobhouse, Byron was a frank, open-hearted fellow-Corinthian, an honest, entertaining fellow with a talent for bottle-conversation and sentimental, declamatory verses; if you had the bad luck to be Lady Byron, he was a perverse monster. But it is neither hard, nor, for that matter, important to reconcile these two views. Byron played, and was aware of playing, many parts; from an early age, he was conscious and con-

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temptuous of his own performances, and never really escaped the conviction that he, with all the other romantics, would someday be found out and exposed to the cool social sense of someone like Pope. Thus his "real" character, to which his finest poem regularly returns as a secure *point d'appui,* is the Regency buck, the man of the world. By and large, this man of the world has worn on the modern temper somewhat better than the heroic or pseudo-heroic roles in Byron's repertoire—the pilgrim of eternity, the wandering outlaw of his own dark mind, and so on. The buck is anti-heroic, anti-idealist, anti-literary, anti-*cant;* and this is all to the good. Yet though he is a Mephistophelean figure, there are touches of Gounod in his character, as well as of Goethe. For total denial, by an intimate and familiar revenge, often engenders its own sort of roué's rhetorical sentimentality; and from this sort of flabbiness not even *Don Juan* is totally free.

Faced with the universal human choice between Cervantes' two characters, Byron in fact tapped himself, more or less deliberately, for the Sancho Panzas. One result is that a volume of Byron-impressions is a self-contained book, as the journals of Beyle are not. It would be perfectly natural to read Professor Lovell's compilation without feeling in the least drawn to look into Byron's poems again. The emotions expressed here by the "set", by the biographers, the hangers-on, the ruined innocents, and Byron himself are not only colloquial; they are, in all their frequent shoddiness, more genuine than anything in *Childe Harold* or than almost anything in *Don Juan.* One feels they are ultimate, there is nothing behind them. But it is impossible to read the journals of Beyle without being drawn, figuratively or literally, to a reconsideration of the imaginative fiction of Stendhal, because its creation was the real center of his life; only on the remote fringe did there linger something which might be described as mere reality. Hobhouse, visiting Milan, got a very bad impression; he had reason to suppose that this Frenchman professed immoral views and was not even strictly truthful.

In the crucial matter of what used to be called "the fair sex", a contrast between Beyle and Byron, if it yields no clearcut advantage either way, brilliantly illuminates the two temperaments. Byron was by far the more successful and accomplished Lovelace; indeed, his achievements in this specialty bordered on the prodigious. But quality fails to match quantity; though cast in leading roles, Augusta Leigh and the Contessa Guiccioli do not come off at all well in *His Very Self and Voice.* Gussie is merely Gussie, a very special person indeed for Byron, but an almost negligible quantity in herself; while the Contessa blurs, blots, and sentimentalizes her *grande affaire* into a chromo for sentimental shopgirls. By contrast, Angelina Pietragrua, that sublime Milanese strumpet, can be seen playing boldly up to Beyle's black, Machiavellian imagination; though one doubts if she could ever have understood his notion that the supreme erotic experience is the first handclasp of the beloved, she clearly knew that her little "Chinese" must be provided with mysteries, delays,

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dangers, a broad field of maneuver, and a strategic opposition worthy of his mettle. Perhaps La Fornarina, Byron's Venetian termagant, might have offered him the unlettered rudiments of an equivalent music if the melody had been one which really attracted him. But it was part of Byron's pattern to settle, sooner or later, into domestic relations with those of his mistresses whom he could stand; while Beyle, dreaming of his fair antagonists from a distance, plotted, reconnoitered, corrected strategic misconceptions, and fondly recorded historic victories on the triumphal arch of his suspenders.

It seems hard to deny that, under the major aspects, Beyle's self-conferred barony was more authentic than Byron's legitimate one; still, the fact remains that both men shared a commitment to life on the grand scale. Their common flair was for improvisation, and they gave themselves to it entirely. Though they both wanted to stand well with posterity, it seems likely that they might have looked on the devoted scholarship with a drooping as well as an auspicious eye. But our prudent generation can afford no such ambiguous luxuries; let us, therefore, simply be grateful for a pair of handsome and interesting volumes.

SONYA RUDIKOFF

A Strong Sense of Self[1]

THE BRITISH PROVINCES, in the nineteenth century, had at least this great virtue, that visiting celebrities would be expected to put in an appearance there—in Coventry, for example, where that free-thinker, Mr. Charles Bray, provided such a warm welcome to phrenologists, Unitarians, Americans, rationalists, and other strange notables. Of course, visitors must meet the Brays' friend, the paragon, Miss Evans, and speak to her about Rousseau or Spinoza, or hear her sing; and Emerson was not the only one who turned up at the Brays' and found Miss Evans to have a "calm, serious soul". If "calm" seems the wrong word, even at this distance, what could have been more serious than the picture of Miss Evans at eighteen, say—on her first visit to London, "the great Babel", staying in her room at night to read Josephus while her brother goes to the play? The true appearance and *tournure* of people in the past may escape us forever, but even now there is no doubt that Miss Evans of Coventry, in the 1840's, had the misfortune and the bad taste to be quite ugly. Late daguerrotypes only confirm what early drawings suggested—that

[1]THE GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS, edited by *Gordon S. Haight*. Volumes I, II, III. Yale University Press. $20.

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when friends praised her lovely hair or voice, it was because nothing else could be said at all. When she grew older and came into her fame as George Eliot, the ugliness might seem to be ennobled by a smile and a rush of sympathetic warmth, but there was still the same cumbersome face. As for her entire personal quality, there *is* something gross, distasteful, and inept about her—unmistakeable, despite *moeurs de province, mores*, and the passage of time. Of course, even the best people must be allowed their measure of bad taste, but a loss of judgment would be the consequence of not allowing it to George Eliot, because it is also the sign of her distinctive greatness. No paradox about the absurd is intended here, but a statement of fact.

In some quarters, the appreciation of George Eliot is exhausted once it has touched upon her early career of Evangelical fervor, provincial gentility, and the self-sacrifice of caring for a sick father; many people turn with relief to her loss of faith, and for others the real interest appears only when she becomes an editor of the *Westminster Review*, or later, when she goes away with G. H. Lewes and becomes a novelist. Most people will skip her early letters because modern taste decries that particular kind of religiosity, but anyone who skips will miss a great deal. It seems to me, in fact, that George Eliot's own special quality appears very early and did not have to wait for the *Westminster Review* or Lewes. In many ways, the first volume of these excellently edited letters is the most interesting of the three so far published (three more are to come, with an index, before Dr. Haight's impressive twenty years' work is complete). The third volume carries us to 1861, and by that time George Eliot has written *Adam Bede, Scenes of Clerical Life, The Mill on the Floss,* and *Silas Marner*. She is attacking *Romola* again, the book of which she said "I began it as a young woman—I finished it an old one". Reading through these letters one learns about nineteenth century publishing, about the intellectual life, about living and traveling abroad, about buying and selling houses, and other financial matters: a trip to Florence from Paris by private coach in 1861 cost £52; a servant is desired at £15 a year and "all found"; stock market investments are made in packets of £2000 apiece; royalties and sales start low and become stupendous. To read about these things is fascinating; but only the earlier letters are written out of an intense and overwhelming thought or feeling, and those letters come from Miss Evans' Evangelical and first free-thinking days. Certainly, her epistolary style there is not the best she was to reach; but I am probably alone in not finding the Evangelicalism entirely repugnant. Piety and circumlocution may make it so, and she exceeds the saints in humility (or tries to); stilted, false, flowery, elaborate—and much more. Still, as compared with other possible attitudes of late adolescence, this violent religiosity had at least some serious content; it was not all pure infantile will. I can't help feeling that some of the scorn heaped upon it comes from annoyance at her later loss of faith, as if the early

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opinions should have carried some prediction of their own downfall—*we* know she'll get over that, even if *she* doesn't! But it is not enough to note her pieties with an appropriate *mot*; the important thing to notice there, really, is *the strength of her sense of self.*

In their early appearance these marks of self are indeed awkward, and the strength is expressed in a fierce self-laceration or in violent enthusiasm for clothing clubs, charts of church history, and other such endeavors. And in solemnities. To her old teacher, Miss Lewis: " . . when I hear of the marrying and giving in marriage that is constantly being transacted I can only sigh for those who are multiplying earthly ties"—thus Miss Evans at nineteen. Letters to her aunt, a former Methodist preacher, call out a profusion of Biblical quotations and humility: "If I did not know how little you need human help I should regret that my ignorance and want of deep feeling in spiritual things prevent me from suggesting profitable or refreshing thoughts." Opera, dancing, horse racing, intemperance, fiction, and evening parties are found inconsistent with "millenial holiness"; and "I am a tasteless person but it would not cost me any regrets if the only music heard in our land were that of strict worship." She reads collected sermons, Pascal, essays on schism, the Oxford Tracts; thrills to the day's collect, thinks in Psalms, and confesses that she does not make currant jelly in a true Christian spirit. So far it is all familiar. But, what is this "want of deep feeling in spiritual things", this vanity and this egotism? The early stirrings of self, of pride, of ambition, are unmistakeable—how much she needed that excessive humility! Her plan for a chart of church history (not to be carried beyond Phocas, A.D. 606!) is humbly explained to Miss Lewis; yet, what pride in summarizing details for someone who surely knew them! And, after her *second* German lesson, the conscientious Miss Evans passes for an authority in pronunciation! Her ambition is immense: "I was once told that there was nothing out of myself to prevent my becoming as eminently holy as St. Paul, and though I think that is too sweeping an assertion, yet it is very certain we are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity, forgetting that each involves the other." Can one be like Wilberforce? "There is a similarity, if I may compare myself with such a man, between his temptations or rather besetments and my own that make his experience very interesting to me." But such comparisons require extravagant disclaimers: "O that I might be made as useful in my lowly and obscure station as he was in the exalted one assigned to him. I feel myself to be a mere cumberer of the ground . . ." etc. Headaches often prevent her from reading Mrs. Somerville's *Connection of the Physical Sciences* or fifty other improving books; "flaws of the least evil that disfigure my letter are those of ink"; but the self-laceration describes a very strong self.

What, then, could be more awkward than this pious young person's loss of faith in the winter of 1841-42? When her father refuses to have her in the

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house and seems deaf to explanations, she writes a letter to him, ending it in what was to be her characteristic manner: "As a last vindication of herself from one who has no one to speak for her may I be permitted to say that if I ever loved you I do so now, if I ever sought to obey the laws of my Creator and to follow duty wherever it may lead me I have that determination now and the consciousness of this will support me though every being on earth were to frown upon me." It was well that she had trained herself to stand with Saint Paul and Pascal; someone else in the same sort of crisis might not have needed to make that direct assertion of self. Indeed, one of her half-sisters (as Mrs. Bray writes to Sara Hennell) was "a clever sort of person, and told her some time ago that she always had regarded the miraculous part of Christianity as purely mythical. . . . *But the good lady has no idea of making herself singular and obnoxious by an avowal of her opinions and thinks M.A. very foolish not to keep her notions snugly to herself.*" (Italics mine.) She could not do so. Instead, she reads Spinoza, excommunicated at 24—*she* is something over 22. He also braved calumny for the sake of conscience, and she must have taken comfort from his example—no, not comfort but sustenance!

Three months after the refusal to go to church, she agreed with her father to resume it, *so long as* she could hold whatever opinions she wished. The compromise is characteristic of her, because it preserved and strengthened a more open self than she had yet displayed, and a stronger one. To our modern taste there may be something dreary about her short period of turmoil ending in anti-climax and apparent surrender; and certain people may feel contempt for the way she seemed to go back on her convictions; a more pleasing picture might show her dissident in exile, or dedicated to a permanent rebellion. Fortunately, however, taste need not be an arbiter of conduct, and, indeed, so far as George Eliot was to be concerned, the rules of taste would always be offended if it meant a choice between taste and what she later called her "inward promptings".

A young woman in the provinces in 1842 refuses to go to church—but there is much more to it. Miss Evans lost her faith in the literal truth of certain doctrines but she did not lose her capacity for religious feeling nor her sense of morality nor her interest in religious ideas. Implicit in her crisis were the battles involving Bentham and Coleridge, Wordsworth and Darwin, Dr. Arnold and Newman; but her own relief did not come from them nor in the particular terms of their controversies. The great ideas of those public battles could have given her nothing were it not for an equally great idea that came from within her own self. And it was her own strong sense of self that gave her the clue to *the truth of feeling*. This was the perception which made the young disputant cease to be so interested, after a while, in doctrinal controversy. Coventry gossip recorded the *fact*, but it was in a letter to Sara Hennell more than a year later that Miss Evans presented the *reason*:

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> I am inclined to think that such a change of sentiment [from her first rebellion] is likely to happen to most persons whose views on religion undergo a change early in life. The first impulse of a young and ingenious mind is to withhold the slightest sanction from all that contains even a mixture of supposed error. When the soul is just liberated from the wretched giant's bed of dogmas on which it has been racked and stretched ever since it began to think there is a feeling of exultation and strong hope. We think we shall run well when we have the full use of our limbs and the bracing air of independence, and we believe that we shall soon obtain something positive which will not only more than compensate to us for what we have renounced, but will be so well worth offering to others that we may venture to proselyte as fast as our zeal for truth may prompt us. But a year or two of reflection and the experience of our own miserable weakness which will ill afford to part even with the crutches of superstition must, I think, effect a change. Speculative truth begins to appear but a shadow of individual minds, agreement between intellects seems unattainable, and we turn to the *truth of feeling* as the only universal bond of union. We find that the intellectual errors which we once fancied were a mere incrustation have grown into the living body and that we cannot in the majority of cases, wrench them away without destroying vitality. We begin to find that with individuals, as with nations, the only safe revolution is one arising out of the wants which their *own progress* has generated. . . . If then we are debarred by such considerations from trying to reorganize opinions, are we to remain aloof from our fellow creatures on occasions when we may fully sympathize with the feelings exercised, although our own have been melted into another mould? Ought we not on every opportunity to seek to have our feelings in harmony though not in union with those who are often richer in the fruits of faith though not in reasons, than ourselves?

Such a sense of belief, of knowledge, of heart and mind, and of the psychology of conversion, does not come to most people at 23 or to some people ever. We are reminded not of any rationalist free-thinker, but of Coleridge, who sensed faith as a moral energy rather than a rational calculation of evidences, faith as "the personal realization of the reason by its union with the will". For George Eliot, the sympathy kindled by the truth of feeling was to be a great strength, and, in fact, the passage has so much of her characteristic tone, and it so prefigures her later beliefs about conduct and art that we can really hear in it the future novelist of sympathetic mind and educated heart. It was to be fifteen years before she would express similar sentiments in the opening of *Scenes of Clerical Life,* and still later that she would write *Adam Bede,* with its feeling about the commonplace and realism. Her great fictional representation of these ideas was far in the future, but here, in embryonic form, is her great subject—how much the intellect and heart are not in accord, but how much moral depth, complication, wisdom, and even joy

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arise from this discrepancy. A sense of the past was also involved—despite the usual cant about the Victorians and their ideas of progress!—but George Eliot's thoughts about craft, the past, and the commonplace were very different from an interest in folk-dancing, weaving, or making lamps out of cider bottles. The real perception of the truth of feeling requires that the feelings be one's own to begin with—which was perhaps why she could not be altogether converted later on to the Religion of Humanity and its synthetic rituals.

By the time she came to know G. H. Lewes, in her thirties, that early self-laceration had turned to an intellectual arabesque—"Do I not live with myself and tire of myself until I have no need of metaphysics to make me believe that there is nothing certain but that *self* exists?"—and then to a more direct and passionate consciousness of self. Lewes was a strange companion for her but not *so* strange. Frederic Harrison, the Positivist, was to write of him that "he began life as a journalist, a critic, a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, and an essayist; he closed it as a mathematician, a physicist, a chemist, a biologist, a psychologist, and the author of a system of abstract philosophy". Lewes, of course, would have been the first to laugh at this formidable description, although it was largely true. But neither he nor anyone else could find in it the "witty French flippant sort of man", the raconteur who wasn't generally received, the rather ugly, lively, sensual person who lived in a Fourierist house in Bayswater, the intellectual and "notorious free-lover" who went on lecture tours when he would be equally adept at making brilliant talk about philosophy and making passes at the girls. His union with Miss Evans of the *Westminster Review* caused quite a stir in London, not only because he was already married or because children of doubtful parentage were left in Bayswater.

Had Miss Evans of the *Westminster Review* gone off with Mr. Herbert Spencer of *The Economist* (and there was a time when *she* would have liked it, although he found her too ugly), *their* relation might have been as *rational* and as antiseptic as books make the Lewes' out to be. But Lewes had something about him which gave the whole affair quite another colouring. Living with Miss Evans was for him really more a matter of expediency than of free-thought principles. And for her? Lewes certainly seems a unique person, one of the last of those intellectuals not of the first rank who took all knowledge as their province. Although he was the friend of Spencer, of Huxley, of Tyndall, introduced Comte into England, and wrote the first biography of Goethe, and was known on the Continent for his scientific writing, it was not for such reasons that Miss Evans of the *Westminster Review* decided to live with him. His literary encouragement of her is well known—both his initial prodding that she write a story and his later protection of her—but he meant much more to her than that: there was his emotional quality to which she responded unmistakably. Lewes' writing, and all the stories about him, as well as everything we know about the creator of Dorothea Casaubon (to whom "no life would have been possible which was not filled with emotion"), make it

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clear that although Miss Evans was never so pretty as Mill's Mrs. Taylor, still she and Lewes would not have just "conversed" for twenty years as that other famous couple reputedly did. Her early idea about the truth of feeling would be quite misinterpreted if it were to be read as religious or filial only. Indeed, feeling had more to do with her conduct than Feuerbach, although this is not the usual view of it.

Characteristically, the actions proceeding from her deep feeling could not really be explained; but she did not dislike being her own advocate and rose solemnly to her own defense: "I am quite prepared to accept the consequences of a step which I have deliberately taken and to accept them without irritation or bitterness. The most painful consequence will, I know, be the loss of friends," she writes, echoing the old explanation to her father; she means to be direct but succeeds only in seeming offensive. More than a year after her departure from Germany with Lewes, she still expresses herself in a fashion that continues to irritate her correspondents:

> It is, however, natural enough that you should mistake me in many ways, for not only are you unacquainted with Mr. Lewes' real character and the course of his actions, but, also, it is several years now since you and I were much together, and it is possible that the modifications my mind has undergone may be in quite the opposite direction to what you imagine. . . . *How far* we differ I think neither of us know; for I am ignorant of your precise views and apparently you attribute to me both feelings and opinions which are not mine. We cannot set each other quite right on this matter in letters, but one thing I can tell you in few words: Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done—they obtain what they desire and are still invited to dinner.

Almost three years later there are still occasions to say to Mrs. Bray, "Now I should never *invite* anyone . . . [a certain misunderstanding] is of no importance, only I wish it to be understood, that I should never invite anyone to come and see me who did not ask for the invitation." Some people asked, but many did not. Although Jane Carlyle wrote effusive letters to the unknown author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede*, and previously had enjoyed Lewes' company, she did not visit them but instead made amusing chatter about "the strong woman of the *Westminster Review*": "To renounce George Sand as a teacher of morals was right enough, but it was scarcely consistent with making so much of our own George in that capacity. A marvelous teacher of morals, surely, and still more marvelous in the other character, for which nature had not provided her with the outfit supposed to be essential." Even as late as 1869, Charles Eliot Norton noted that the Leweses were not received, and that the women who *did* visit were either emancipated or had no position to maintain. In 1877 the (by then) famous novelist was

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not received at Girton College, Cambridge. Clearly, the ostracism was not *imagined*, but the awkwardness of it was just in George Eliot's style and so was her manner of self-vindication and the high tone it seemed to require. But there was never a time when her self-righteousness was not modulated by the reality of feeling: a long explanation sent to Sara Hennell ends with "But interpret my whole letter so as to make it accord with this plain statement—I love Cara and you with unchanged and unchangeable affection . . .", and a year later she urges Mrs. Bray to "believe that no meaning is mine which contradicts my assurance that I am your affectionate and earnest friend".

There is no doubt that her self-regard and her "inward promptings" led Lewes' companion into much that was distasteful, awkward, or uncomfortable to read or read about. I have in mind particularly that rather unpleasant sense we get from her letters of the middle period, once she had stopped writing for the *Westminster Review* and was keeping her fiction a secret, but before the stirrings of renown. She is certainly less likeable and her letters are less interesting, because the people to whom she writes are no longer so very important to her. (There are no letters to Lewes.) Her sense of her own individuality as a writer, her mission, and the combination of great confidence with equally great diffidence leads to an ugliness of expression, and, at times, inevitably, to the appearance of selfishness. So often she seems to be saying that she cares only for her own (and Lewes') opinions, and she seems to choose the most uncomfortable way of saying it. She also begins to express to her publisher and others some convictions about her own work with which other writers can sympathize but which may appear grossly distasteful to anyone else. The inward actions and strains of her deep complicated nature *were* often unattractive in their outward appearance; they rarely reached any other kind of charm—that of a modern *bizarrerie*, for example—and the letters of the late '50's show more and more of this ungainliness. But they also contain some striking things, sudden expressions which contradict everything people usually think about her. George Eliot seems unfortunately to have gotten mixed up, in some minds, with Mill, or with a caricature of Mill; but she was never even a Benthamite thinking machine, as Mill said he was. "I begin to feel for other people's wants and sorrows a little more than I used to do," she remarks in her mid-thirties. "Heaven help us! said the old religions—the new one, from its very lack of that faith, will teach us all the more to help one another." And we know that a "dreary rationalism" or desiccation of spirit do not provoke such feelings; nor do they create Mr. Casaubon, Bulstrode, Lydgate, Gwendolen Harleth, or Rosamund Vincy; nor provide the poise for writing, say, "A Variation of Protestantism" in *The Mill on the Floss*.

George Eliot's personal claim was always great, but nothing about her work suggests that she conceives of the self only in its sensitivity; not that her perceptions were dulled—but *sensibility* didn't comprise her entire genius. Never fragile, delicate, finely wrought, she is not, like Virginia Woolf or Katherine

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Mansfield, sore all over from the bruises of life, nor could it be said of her, as it was of Ellen Glasgow, that she was born without a skin. And her moral stance needs no delicate fists clenched in rage against a cruel, relentless world. The early Evangelicalism which everyone is pleased to mock gave her an initial sense of *her own individual moral being,* so that morality was from the very first something more than finding out who was responsible for the evil in the world; and she never conceived of herself as called upon to dispense retribution. Inveterate readers of collected letters might find Mrs. Carlyle's to be livelier than George Eliot's, and they were probably more enjoyable to receive. Mrs. Carlyle's taste could be charming and her *mots* devastating. But so was her malice—a quality not to be found in George Eliot's writing.

Had the author of *Middlemarch* written nothing else, she would still interest us: she engages the great ideas. And she does so in what I think can be called only a great manner—which would not have been true of her had that strong sense of self been merely a form of supreme moral stupidity. Malice is no part of such a manner, which is why its absence gives such a large and generous feeling—the feeling we find quite as much in Mr. Grandcourt's parks as in Mrs. Poyser's kitchen.

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Return of the Enemy[1]

WYNDHAM LEWIS'S FIRST NOVEL since *The Vulgar Streak* of 1941 proves to be his longest but for *The Apes of God;* it is throughout profoundly interesting and at times it is brilliantly brought off. In narrative outline even more autobiographical than usual, it features as central character an intellectual who leaves England for Canada at the outbreak of the last war, only to become helplessly immured there, isolated, unrecognized, and in poverty, for many years. At the end this self-condemned hero (for there is a pun in the title), René Harding, quits Canada for the U. S. A.; Lewis himself left Toronto for St. Louis and a number of little-known, though extraordinarily effective portraits.

In fact, the Lewisian—should one say Lewisite?—hero tends to be a cross between *alter ego* and Yeatsian mask ("The most unlike, being my anti-self"). Like Ker-Orr of *The Wild Body,* like Lewis himself in *Time and Western Man,* René "lived in two compartments." This characteristically neo-classical

[1]SELF CONDEMNED, by *Wyndham Lewis.* Henry Regnery Company. $4.00.

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trait, common to Lewis's Cantleman, William Bland Burn, Kemp, the Herdsman, and Ned the "Bolsho-Tory" of 1937, as well as Hyperides of *The Childermass,* involves René in an agonized struggle of disengagement. At the start of the book he throws up his academic position in England and exiles himself to Canada for the duration; but both he and his wife know that this ultimate, indeed sepulchral, unorthodoxy is a symbolic gesture, a last *vale:* "Both of them knew that this was the last year of an epoch, and . . . that as far as that quiet, intelligent, unmolested elect life was concerned, they were both condemned to death."

Like Tarr (to whose autobiographical elements Lewis has confessed in *Blasting and Bombardiering* and *Rude Assignment*), like that "anti-man" Snooty Baronet, like Major "Corkers" Corcoran of *America, I Presume* (Lewis's first spoof of the Canuck), René Harding, half-French history don who leaves Europe in flames only to find an inferno of fire and ice in the new world, is an authentic contemporary rebel—"a man out of whom could be extracted the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." This "implacable perfectionist" ("gaily capable of unregenerate behaviour"), who winks at a bust of Bolingbroke and is falsely accused of being a Fascist by *The Times,* signals a welcome, if mildly twilight, return to the stage of a once familiar silhouette, the comeback, in short, of the Enemy.

> *You must salute this outcast Enemy—*
> *Outcasted for refusal to conform*
> *To the phases of this artificial storm.*

Thus had Lewis written in *One-Way Song.* "You see," now remarks René Harding, "I think in a manner in which one is not allowed to think. So I become an outsider, almost a pariah."

Like every authorial alias in Lewis's fiction, this tall, red-bearded, and robust historian, with his "Gothic" headpiece and his Legion of Honour ("that disgraceful emblem"), is a man of the intellect, with sharp eyes. For Lewis the eye *is* the intellect, and it is dismally prophetic of the fate which was to befall him that René's decline in Canada, his ossification, includes a physical loss of vision. This visual, though anything but voyeuristic, approach, the "philosophy of the eye" adumbrated in *Time and Western Man,* is typically neo-classical also. In what Lewis calls "the excellent *Belphégor*" Benda claims that the organ of sight is the representative of the intellect, and the least fallible of our senses. Unlike Bergson, who in *Matière et mémoire* maintains that true perception travels from the periphery to the center (the real self), Benda equates distinction with sight, confusion with hearing. "The more highly developed the individual," we are told in *The Childermass,* "the more the exterior world is a part of him."

René is of this heroic breed. With Tarr, Snooty Baronet, Corcoran, and

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Bertram Starr-Smith, he has strong, clear eyes. In Lewis's fiction the mouth generally stands for a lower sense and helps to characterize Romance, being soft, wet, mushy, or pulpy. It is enough to remark of René's wife Hesther that "her eyes hung open like a gaping mouth." Part of René's degradation in Canada, indeed, is to lose something of this necessary differentiation from his wife, who shows "the remains of the child-mind" in her eyes early on, who has "baby-feelings" on the boat going over, and of whom we are told—"for her the teacher was a life-long enemy."

This separation is also Tarr's central dilemma. "How foul and wrong this haunting of women is!" Tarr says, "they are everywhere—confusing, blurring, libelling, with their half-baked gushing tawdry presences!" I. A. Richards has pointed out that "there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage" in the Heaven of *The Childermass* (to date). There is, indeed, only a Yang (male) gate into Heaven there and not a woman appears in the work, if we except the moment when Satters turns into a woman. In *Snooty Baronet* the hero is made physically sick by the act of love and this common revulsion, personified in *The Revenge for Love* by Jack Cruze (the "love-machine"), is undoubtedly an important aspect of *Self Condemned*. For though Hesther and René are tolerably happy at the start, René hates being "compromised with the silliness involved in the reproduction of the species." Again, "He always forgot that Hesther was a human being, because she was so terribly much the Woman." The two leave the bed where they have made love "like two flies dragging themselves out of a treacly plate." In this, *Self Condemned* corrects the excesses of another novel centered on an hotel room, Barbusse's *Enfer*, with neo-classical intensity. For the same dislike of entanglement with sensation can be found in Benda's novels, *L'Ordination* and *Les Amorandes*. "L'esthétique de l'amour reste toujours l'esthétique de la chaîne et des larmes," the Félix of Benda's former novel had declared in 1911. For Lewis this remains, in *Self Condemned* as elsewhere, an essential satiric antithesis; so Thomas Browne had hoped "that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the World without this trivial and vulgar way of union." And Gulliver echoes this sentiment: "when I began to consider that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror."

After a number of illuminating meetings with representatives of Olde England, including a catty cleric and a sham liberal brother-in-law ("an emissary of Nonsense in person"), René leaves for Canada, tossing overboard on the way a copy of *Middlemarch*. It is a measure of what Hugh Kenner, in his brilliantly evocative little study of Lewis,[2] a model of creative criticism at its best, calls the "slow emaciation" of this hero of the intellect that we soon, as he settles in Canada, lose the sense of distance between him and his wife. Meanwhile, the war has started.

[2] *Wyndham Lewis*, by Hugh Kenner. The Makers of Modern Literature. New Directions.

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For three years, three months, René and Hesther live in the Hotel Blundell, Momaco, an intolerably ugly city, "the never-never land . . . the living-death, the genuine blank-of-blanks out of which no speck of pleasantness or civilized life could come." Here, in Room 27A ("twenty-five feet by twelve"), a "lethal chamber" as they find it to be in every sense, the action hideously freezes. "Frozen in their tracks, as it were, by the magic of total war," the two are "room-ridden" with a vengeance, as Lewis allows the tragic inertia of his crippled intellectual to atrophy symbolically.

For a retrospective, almost elegiac interval, the figures of Olde England cast their shadows across the arid landscape. There is Mr. Herbert Starr, the Momaco fairy, a "Cricklewood Casanova," a relic from *The Apes* really, "gnawing at forty perhaps, or else fighting stubbornly . . . as only a fairy can fight." Starr introduces René to Bloomsbury in Momaco, in the person of Cedric Furber, who sits for Lytton Strachey. "Dragging his long legs languidly and with elegance, like a sun-doped stalk," this custodian of Momacoan "culture" employs René to help him with his library, until an infatuation with a youth deprives René of this employment and drives him to write for the *Momaco Gazette-Herald*, as Lewis himself at this time wrote for the Toronto *Saturday Night*. Strachey, as pacifist homo, pops up in a number of places in Lewis's satire. In a recent story, Lewis has Strachey visited by a novelist:

> The hysterical shrieks of laughter of the Old Maid, not less funny because of the long and postiche-looking beard, the come-away-nearer girlish gesticulations of this extremely tall perverse amorist, were reported disgustedly by the visiting novelist.

The point is that in Momaco René cannot feel total disgust with this "gay" and unreal old ghost, this "fantastic shadow" of his past—"He kind of liked this inhuman Old Maid, too." Nothing puts the post-H-bomb character of this city more alarmingly.

"Its pattern and purpose," wrote David Paul of *Self Condemned* in *The Observer*, where he reviewed it alongside *Mary Anne* by Daphne du Maurier, "recall some of the novels of twenty-odd years ago." V. S. Pritchett has similarly called Lewis's satires "old block-busting guns and tanks skewed on the abandoned field, they stand still, fantastic without their thunder." By chance, the same metaphor had been used in the same criticism, made by T. S. Eliot many years before:

> Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the most brilliant journalist of my generation (in addition to his other gifts), often squanders his genius for invective upon objects which to everyone but himself seem unworthy of his artillery, and arrays howitzers against card houses.

Again, Alan Pryce-Jones, reviewing *Self Condemned* in *The London Magazine*, writes: "the days are past when it was appropriate to attack the vices of society in this particular tone of voice."

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In *Satire and Fiction,* however, Lewis shows that he is fully conscious of the old-fashioned nature of his targets. Indeed, his satire is aimed at speeding up ideological advance and correcting contemporary superstition. He can point, after all, to his realization of the Communist threat about a quarter of a century before most Western intellectuals.[3] It is, of course, against the Pritchetts, Pauls, and Pryce-Joneses that Lewis's "old block-busting guns" and "howitzers" are arrayed. Is there, then, a "twentyish" note in *Self Condemned?* If so, the answer is: And so there should be! Look at the following exchange of dialogue:

> "I went to the window."
> "Why do you go to the window?"
> "Why do *you* go to the window?" René retorted, in what seemed a silly *tu quoque.*
> "I do not go to the window," Mr. Furber answered.
> "Well, I *do.* I always go to the window if perplexed," René remarked.
> "You went to the window? Why did you go to the window, Professor?"

And so on. The celebrated Stein-stutter of Satters or Lady Fredigonde is not merely a critique of verbal anarchy in the literary arts; it is also a mental yawn, the rictus arresting social progress, a sort of suicidal purposelessness perfectly embodied in the inane Finnian-Shaw family of *The Apes,* where such idiotic repetitions occur constantly:

> "I do believe I've pulled Lady Truncheon's train right off!"
> "I think you have!" Lord Phoebus cried.
> "How terribly careless of me—I do hope Lady Truncheon will excuse me, it was particularly clumsy of me."
> "*I* shouldn't if *I* were Lady Truncheon!"
> "I could hit myself!" the offender bayed at herself.
> "I'm sure she could!" crashed back Lord Phoebus.
> "If I had only known you were there Lady Truncheon!"
> "Couldn't you see that Lady Truncheon was there Harriet!"
> "I know!"
> "You must I think have been *blind* not to see that Lady Truncheon was there!"
> "I believe I must Phoebus!"
> "I'm quite positive you must Harriet!"
> "I know, musn't I?"

Throughout this dialogue the lady in question has been posed *déculottée.*

Even as mere literary satire, however, Lewis's Stein-stutter has been proved necessary again and again. Compare the two following passages:

[3] "Wyndham Lewis, I am credibly informed, has become a Communist or at least a strong sympathiser, and is writing a book in praise of Stalin to balance his previous books in favor of Hitler." George Orwell, "London Letter," *Partisan Review,* Summer 1946, p. 323. Cp. the chapter on Orwell in Lewis's recent *The Writer and the Absolute.*

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> Pulley has been most terribly helpful and kind there's no use excusing himself Pulley has been most terribly helpful and kind—most terribly helpful and he's been kind. He's been most terribly kind and helpful, there are two things, he's been most kind and he's been terribly helpful . . .
>
> because people are really kind, they really are capable of pity and compassion for the weak and orphaned and helpless because it is pity and compassion and they are weak and helpless and orphaned and people . . .

The first is a parody of Gertrude Stein, given through Satters in *The Childermass;* the second is from *A Fable* (1954) by Faulkner, the "Philosopher with a Corn Cob" of *Men Without Art.* Thus, in a stylistic parody of Hemingway ("The Dumb Ox"), René of *Self Condemned* is symbolically kicked in the Momaco hotel, and kicked when down. Here he joins company with Hardcaster of *The Revenge for Love,* Arghol of *The Enemy of the Stars,* Uncle Thad of the story *Doppelgänger,* and with other Lewisian characters.

This kick, a negation of the "sporting spirit" or "playing the game" ("that maudlin twin-brother of the Sporting Spirit," as Lewis has called it), works as a sort of rescue device for Hardcaster, but in *Self Condemned* this climacteric sets off René's whole tragic annihilation until, as Hugh Kenner so suggestively observes, "he becomes the thing he rejected." This is characteristically well seen and, indeed, Kenner's pages on this new novel are brilliant. René "modifies" his earlier "perfectionist" theories, expressed to a character called Rotter (!) and paraphrasing *The Art of Being Ruled,* begins even to like the room, collaborates with his anti-self, Momaco. When the hotel ("brisk little microcosm") goes up, like Europe, in flames, the two watch the fire, their eyes saying, " 'Yes, all right. Leave nothing.' " Nothing is left. René accepts an academic position in Momaco and Hesther kills herself. At the very end René is offered a teaching post in America and "with a kind of mechanical thrill of frigid delight" accepts. We leave him, a "glacial shell" of a man, then, on the campus.

To resume *Self Condemned* in this summary fashion does scant justice to the creation of some memorable minor characters, particularly the manageress of the Hotel Blundell. This "aged messenger of Aphrodite, with a supernatural passe-partout," is tenderly drawn, and her death in the fire robs Momaco of its last speck of life. In fact, René sees her at the mortician's and thinks her more alive, now she is dead. In a death of life, that is, death *is* life; or "In dynastic Egypt," as Lewis wrote in *The Diabolical Principle,* "*art* comes nearer to being *life* than at any other recorded period: and apparently for the reason that it was death."

The cumulative effect of *Self Condemned* is immensely powerful. Banality is projected on its own terms. Momaco, what Kenner calls "the Canadian void," with all its vulgar and sterile imbecility, reaches desolating consequence and the general effect of René's loss of all identity in this contemporary waste land is certainly of an "unbearable spiritual agony," as T. S. Eliot has written of

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the book. It is a work of tragic pessimism, of the loss of all cultural roots, of all human significance. Kenner notes, with his usual perspicacity, that René means re-born. It is also true that René "was inclined to furrow up his forehead à la Descartes." The whole of Lewis's satiric method is based on Cartesian animal-automatism, on that mechanical regularity of animal behavior by which Descartes was fascinated, and whose philosophical repercussions have been so skilfully detailed by Leonora Rosenfield, from Descartes down to La Mettrie's *L'Homme-Machine* of 1748, a double for Lord Osmond of *The Apes*.

For L. P. Hartley *Self Condemned* has "the strongest fictional and human interest" of all Lewis's works. It is certainly, in Walter Allen's words, "a novel of great intellectual distinction." It is an organic work, whose aesthetic power rests strongly on its total effect. It is not a novel I would recommend as a starting-point in any acquaintance with Lewis's whole achievement, but it has its own tragic splendor about it, and a kind of prophetic terror, like a malediction of the basilisk.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Enacted on a Distant Isle

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by *Edwin Muir*. William Sloane Associates. $5.00

AUTOBIOGRAPHY SELDOM HAS THE CLEAR RING OF ART. It is too ofen, like Stevenson's description of reality: "monstrous, infinite, illogical, abrupt and poignant". Of the monstrous, the abrupt and the poignant this book certainly has enough, for it is in large part actually the record of how order degenerated into chaos almost with the compulsive pointlessness of a dream. Half way through *An Autobiography*, the reader sadly agrees with Muir's closing "I cannot bring life into a neat pattern". Nothing, it seems, can redeem this terrifying vision of overwhelming chaos and disjointed pathos: least of all some pat superficiality of material success. A life is a life, how can it be more? By the end this something more has indeed transpired, though the author modestly gives no overt hint of it.

The most conspicuously good part of the book, however, is Muir's account of his childhood in Orkney, an account which might be summed up in his own words in another context: "peasant life in a traditional land flowers into its own magic" with a "union of reality and enchantment and a sense that every-

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thing is rooted deeply and tranquilly in time". When something disrupted the tranquillity of this traditional island society, it seemed as much fabulous as real, and thus the fabulous could take on its own reality in its turn. Muir's mother, as a girl, stayed at home from the kirk one stormy night, and suddenly "ten tall men", dripping with water, crowded into the room and sat around the fire speaking in a tongue she could not follow. They were Danes: not a hallucination of Vikings, but Danes from real life whose ship had run on the rocks in the bay. Beside them, the great naked coal-black man of Muir's childhood stories, who used to take his place silently among the threshers, is almost tame. The print in a school prize *Gulliver* of the horse sitting in judgment on the Yahoos fitted smoothly with the real plough-horses and "the waterfall sweep of their manes, the ruthless flick of their cropped tails, the plunge of their iron-shod hooves striking fire from the flagstones"—horses that fought in the fields "like steeds on a shield, flinging out their hind-legs". There are the cattle too, bounding out in spring the whole length of their field wild and blind with the sun after the six months' darkness of the winter byre. There is the pig-killer washing in the kitchen, his arms red to the elbows. As with all children on farms, Muir's childhood was spent among affectionate but ruthless intimacy with the animals around him: and he himself points out how this guilt-fraught affinity with the rest of life runs through not only the substance but also the attitudes of his poetry.

An Autobiography is an extended and modified version of Muir's *The Story and the Fable;* which, with its record of the writer's dreaming and waking worlds as two interpenetrating things with no rigid boundary between them, already constitutes an almost unique document through which to see a poet's verse issuing from his life. The present book takes this further. In the poems called "The Ballad of Hector in Hades," Hector fleeing Achilles round the walls of Troy is Muir himself, possessed with some kind of guilty panic, and running home from school across the island of Wyre with another seven-year-old in pursuit. *The Combat* (one of the finest English poems written since the war) issued from a dream of the nineteen-thirties which in turn resumed an experience of watching a heron in childhood. The trigger-happy protagonist of "The Little General" is simply the Muirs' landlord. Parts of several other poems perhaps link with incidents in Muir's life now recorded in this book.

These specific links will no doubt interest the researcher in due course. They are of less interest, though, than one which is more elusive and more pervasive. Muir's importance as a poet is now an established fact; but it is an importance which cuts across some of our more familiar categories of poetic success. Sensuous richness, intense and meticulous intellectual organization, powerfully operating metaphor, are all curiously lacking from this poetry. Its weaker passages (there are a few) seem precisely not to have been fully operated upon by the poet as enricher through language:

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We have thought sometimes the rocks looked strangely on us,
Have fancied that the waves were angry with us,
Heard dark runes murmuring in the autumn wind,
Muttering and murmuring like old toothless women
That prophesied against us in ancient tongues.

Yet this simplicity, this emptiness, is not the limit but the very source of success. Muir is creating a kind of recurrent world in the poems; a world with only a few things in it—a hill, the sea, a tower, a wall,—but one which gains its significance through this very fact. The bareness is the richness. This verse attains, at its best, not to mere emptiness of content but to the meaningfulness of a grave, considered economy and limpidity:

Clear and secure as in a limpid dream.

The fact (it may be learnt from the verse, but *An Autobiography* confirms it) is that this landscape of the poems is the landscape of Muir's home. "Even the Greek stories unfolded for me in a landscape very like Orkney." For the Greeks returning from Troy—

Now even the hills seemed low
In the boundless sea and land,
Weakened by distance so.
How could they understand
Space empty on every hand
And the hillocks squat and low?

This is Muir going home from school again: "As I ran I was conscious of only a few huge things . . . Wyre, which I felt under my feet, the other islands lying around, the sun in the sky, and the sky itself, which was quite empty." The dream-landscapes are often the same: "an ancient and rich relic which had survived . . . from an age when animal and man and god lived densely together in the same world." Behind the art stands the dream, behind that the reality. One is driven to and fro from the poems to the prose and back again in quest of this recurrent landscape, and it is not easy to indicate its wide bare contours, its light and space, its few diminutive but prominent landmarks. Muir transmits these himself over the range of a whole poem, or even the whole range of his poems:

Through countless wanderings,
Hastenings, lingerings,
Nearer I come
In a sleep-wandering pace
To find the secret place
Where is my home.

It is the inner reality upon which the poems silently converge.

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The integrity of this archetypal landscape is especially plain where Muir's later experience has added to it. *An Autobiography* mentions how there were no roads on Wyre, the central island of Muir's childhood (though there were of course on Pomona, the main island, where he also lived), and few trees anywhere in Orkney, as is still the case. The solitary tree in the bare landscape is one of the recurrent landmarks of his verse. The later poems have woodlands, but these are seen, quite literally, from outside. They too are distant landmarks in an open landscape; there are no embowering shades, no shadows numberless, nothing even remotely like Hardy's "In a Wood"—trees seen one by one, up from underneath. In the one place in all his poetry where Muir seems to look at trees like a southerner, the context places them firmly back again in a wide northern landscape:

These gaping bridges
Once spanned the quiet river which you see
Beyond that patch of raw and angry earth:
Where the new concrete houses sit and stare.
Walk with me by the river. See, the poplars
Still gather quiet gazing on the stream.
The white road winds across the small green hill
And then is lost. These few things still remain.

Roads, on the other hand, are central realities in Muir's world. They are often, though, the roads not of small islands but of large hinterlands:

. . . as a traveller finds a place
Of welcome suddenly amid the wrong
Valleys and rocks and twisting roads.

—An idea which turns attention to Muir's people:

. . . even then Ulysses on the long
And winding road of the world was on his way.

The concept recurs: it is poignant for Muir himself:

. . . I in the middle blind, as Homer blind,
Dark on the highway, groping in the light,
Threading my dazzling way within my night.

Both of these passages show the single, simple, memorable image (other instances are the small figures on the great plain in "Adam's Dream", the creatures suspended in twilight in "The Usurpers", the di Chirico landscape of "The Good Town") which a typical Muir poem suspends by its total impact in the mind of the reader; and it is this method of presentation which is at bottom his substitute for the more conspicuous techniques of his contemporaries. But the ruined town, the blind figure groping in the road, bring in

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something which is not rooted tranquilly in time at all. They bring in the mazing tunnels of "The Castle"; the uncomprehended war-ravaged countryside of, say, "The Window"; and the streets and tunnels and interminable rooms of "The Labyrinth" itself. This, probably Muir's most famous poem, sets the childhood world represented (although Orkney itself is mainly rolling lowland) by the "mountain-isle" and the little ships, against Muir's symbols for the hell or near it that he had found on earth, and that is prominent in *An Autobiography.*

Muir's family belonged to the two million people who, in the thirty-five years before the first World War, left rural for urban and industrial Britain. It moved to Glasgow in 1902, seven strong. Muir himself became a petty clerk in a lawyer's office, an engineering works, a beer-bottling factory; the family enjoyed (if that is the word) what seems to have been a lower middle class pattern of life in a city where the lower middle class was always near to engulfment by, at that time, perhaps the fiercest proletariat and the worst slums on the planet. The consequences were devastating; four of the seven died within five years. One is reminded of how anthropologists have noted the extermination of traditional islanders before city civilization; and perhaps this was not an altogether different phenomenon. Muir's picture of these years is an unforgettable one; and his efforts to come to terms with his disastrous environment through revivalism, politics, Heine, or Nietzsche read as things doomed to failure because they were radically incommensurate with the size of the challenge. What individual act, indeed, could have been otherwise? The nadir of these years was not in Glasgow itself, however, but a nearby small sea-coast town. Muir was clerk in a works where bones from all over Scotland were turned into grease and charcoal. Here he was more than ever the isolated figure in the devouring labyrinth of industrialism. His contact even with Glasgow was reduced to a tortuous, censorious correspondence maintained with the firm's Head Office, a correspondence to which he gives, in *An Autobiography,* an ingeniously Kafka-esque turn. The clouds of worms burning on the bones in the furnaces entered his dreams. But by the help of a friend he managed to return to Glasgow just before the 1914-18 War; and then, through his marriage, left Scotland for London and, in the early nineteen-twenties, for that life of the wandering, scholarly man, living by writing in the cheap parts of Europe, which we find reflected also, for example, in the letters of D. H. Lawrence.

The Story and the Fable, earlier version of *An Autobiography,* broke off in these middle years; and readers of the earlier book will recall its curiously inconclusive conclusion. Muir had achieved his private escape from the monsters, and his personal happiness was being recreated. Yet this rootless migrant life brings back the words "infinite" and "illogical" from Stevenson's phrase. One is almost reminded, indeed, of some lines from *The Labyrinth* itself, as if Muir had escaped from its den but not perhaps altogether from its maze:

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Oh these deceits are strong almost as life.
Last night I dreamt I was in the labyrinth,
And woke far on. I did not know the place.

The later years covered by this later book have their vivid moments (like the leaky house in Hampstead where the Muirs had to sleep under an umbrella). There are also some extremely shrewd comments on politics and on the political poetry of the nineteen-thirties. There is a telling picture of the 1948 Communist coup in Czecho-Slovakia. But most remarkable in the new book is something which (typically of Muir) emerges not from its details, but unobtrusively from its whole structure. It is a pity that he did not save the old title for this work, for now it seems as if the fable of his own life were really beginning to transpire. The last pages of the new version record how Muir has recently become Warden of a college of adult education in a great historic house almost within sight of Edinburgh; and as one completes the book one seems to stumble across something more than a personal record in it. Perhaps it is only an effect of the sincerity and composure of Muir's style, which has in prose the same grave open rhythms and lucid, subtle shifts of tone as his verse. But

My childhood all a myth
Enacted on a distant isle

is not the whole story: or rather, to be exact, it is not the whole fable. To a contemporary eye, the half-uncomprehended devastating uprooting and the great city and the cosmopolitan life in a random sequence of places and friends all have something typical about them. We have even heard before of the creatures that burn alive in the furnace of the bone-works. Muir, of course, does nothing himself to hint that his life may have had this added dimension. But there is a place in the pattern also for this last phase of life, return to an established cultural position in his native country, and to a task which looks not back to the island world but forward to a rehumanizing of industrialism. Perhaps one ought to take warning from Sophocles, and call no man's life mythical while he is still living it. Yet all the same, it is not difficult to see, in this integrity of development, why Muir's poetry should be still offering the new promise that it does, and should be now establishing him as the first British poet actively writing today.[1]

[1]During the academic year 1955-56 Muir will be Charles Eliot Norton Visiting Professor at Harvard.

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JOSEPH KERMAN

A Gift To Be Simple

AARON COPLAND, by *Arthur Berger*. Oxford. $3.50.

AARON COPLAND, CLEARLY, is our leading composer. The public is not always wrong. The integrity of his work, its quiet independence of the French neo-classicism from which it stemmed, and its transparency and its severity seem to have found their sympathetic echo in the American mind. For all his fascination with rhythmic complexity, Copland has indeed "A Gift to be Simple", to quote the Shaker song used in his *Appalachian Spring*—used in that unselfconscious and touching way which is peculiarly his own, and which brings new light to whatever folk material he touches. Though Copland has always faithfully identified himself with the cause of new music, he has not been a partisan; instead, and inevitably, a school has grown up around him. Abroad he is the American composer most known and admired, and it is European critics who write most feelingly about his expression of urban nostalgia for the prairie.

It is time for a full-length study and appraisal of Copland, and Arthur Berger, one of the best American music critics, is specially qualified for the job. For reasons best known to himself, he has issued instead a 94-page monograph, expanded from magazine articles. Well, we must try to take it on its own terms: as an excellent sketch, a foundation for the real Copland book that he is going to have to write sooner or later.

An opening biography puts the steps of Copland's development in strikingly clear relief. Never, perhaps, has a young composer been launched with such efficiency. In 1921 he set out innocently enough for Paris, to become almost by accident the first and best American pupil of the *extra-ordinaire* Nadia Boulanger. When, three years later, Boulanger was ready to tour the United States, Copland had written one or two small pieces of high promise; with reckless intuition she commissioned him to write her an organ concerto. So at the age of 25 Copland heard his *Symphony with Organ* presented by Walter Damrosch in New York and Serge Koussevitzky in Boston. Here was a jazzy composer whom the jazz age could take more seriously than George Gershwin; and better yet his music was full of rascally dissonances. Koussevitzky, anxious to patronize some young native genius, preferably one with French habits, spurred him on to *Music for the Theatre* and the *Piano Concerto*. Critics like Paul Rosenfeld, Lawrence Gilman, and H. T. Parker help to establish that Copland had arrived. No wonder he developed a propensity for orchestral writing; and no wonder he found it hard to sustain the brilliance of this debut, especially after 1929. For a few years he turned to a more recondite style, which lost him some popular

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interest, but which gained him added respect from professionals such as Arthur Berger, who continues to rank the works of this time among Copland's finest. Then in the later 30's Copland accepted and vigorously implemented the idea of music for the masses, music for practical use. He simplified his style, using much folk material; he composed for the radio, theatre, and ballet, for movies, for high schools, and even wrote books on music appreciation and on *Our New Music*. In the last ten years, according to Mr. Berger, there has been a swing back to "abstract" music, though it is early yet to say whether this is to be decisive. Still, between 1930-40 there were only two large non-programmatic works, and between 1940-50 there were five, plus the Emily Dickinson song-cycle. And in the recent *Piano Quartet* Copland gingerly approaches twelve-tone composition, surely as "abstract" a technique as is now popular.

Thus the artistic career of America's best-known composer, as Mr. Berger explains it, appears to mirror with remarkable accuracy, even with flair, our changing cultural life from 1920 to the present. As a final characteristic note, he might have mentioned the removal of Copland's *Lincoln Portrait* from the Inaugural Concert in Washington in 1952, on account of charges in the McCarthy manner (an act with familiar analogies in Russia, but with none, so far as I know, in the bad old days of European despotism). This is all so interesting that it whets our appetite for a fuller account of Copland's life and times.

But very laudably indeed, Mr. Berger chose to devote the greater part of the book to Copland's music. Though he has written elsewhere in more detail, this section is a model of relevant, penetrating, succinct stylistic analysis. He characterizes admirably "a leanness and a certain grandiosity" to Copland's rhetoric, and his qualities of level immobility, restrained nostalgia, transparency, precision, and wiriness. On a more detailed plane, he discusses Copland's system of "nuclear expansion," his use of blues thirds, his triadic style, chord-spacing, syncopation patterns, declamatory melody, and his elegant handling of folk material. Mr. Berger does not shirk technicalities. He presents them with a clarity and concision that make them available to anyone who has a rudimentary knowledge of music and is really interested in understanding an art in its own terms.

Some of the book's omissions, however, can be explained only partly by the brevity. The most obvious is the lack of a frank definition of the canon. The only works that Mr. Berger discusses in detail, and commits himself about, are the *Piano Variations* (1930) and the *Third Symphony* (1946); others are mentioned in passing as potent examples of this or the other tendency, but are not solidly characterized; and others (for instance *Appalachian Spring*) are scarcely touched on at all. Now it is perfectly obvious that Copland has written as much "workaday" music as the next man, though Mr. Berger is reluctant to discuss the subject; still, since he does not care for the *Lincoln*

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Portrait, one wonders where he would draw the line. A critical work about an artist, however brief, should make some attempt to distinguish the significant from the workaday.

But this is only one aspect of Mr. Berger's general caution. He brings up some common arguments that have been advanced against "esotericism" in art on the one hand, and against "art for use" on the other; he balances them with vague arguments from the other direction. If these issues are worth raising at all, they are worth a clean stand. We all know that Copland has met attacks for his staunch diatonicism at a time when chromaticism is considered the progressive musical technique, for his writing of "folk potpourris", and for his alleged dependence on Stravinsky (on whom Mr. Berger has written at least two illuminating essays). Better battle down these criticisms than stifle them, and none better than Mr. Berger for the task. On a more serious level, perhaps, some listeners are not altogether satisfied with Copland's "athleticism"; they feel that he is always exercising, and always exhilaratingly, but without ever getting to the race. Even the ingenious *Piano Variations* may seem to make less progress in performance than they do on paper, and as for the variations in *Appalachian Spring,* surely they are a rather poor excuse for musical extension. Mr. Berger himself reproaches the *Third Symphony* for a constructive detail. Copland has developed an authentic and a most attractive voice—a precious enough accomplishment, God knows. But it is not certain that he can generally sustain and organize his eloquence, and Mr. Berger does not convince us by his silence, or near-silence.

He would most probably reply that polemics on this scale have no place in a carefully limited introductory essay on Copland, and that every item on the list of omissions is of secondary importance to the presentation of a concise life of the composer, and a trenchant description of his musical style. Very true, and very level-headed. But there is a limit to what can be accomplished with so little space, and so much discretion.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Sirs,

Since Mr. Patrick Cruttwell, reinforcing his charge with a general allegation to my discredit, feels that I have treated him ungenerously, and since I cannot agree that the 'item' over which he finds me needlessly quarrelsome is a small one, I must ask you to let me explain further why I protested, and still protest, against the suggestion that *Scrutiny* ever 'flirted with Marxism'. It is not because I think Marxist sympathies 'criminal' (though I do, and did, think Marxism evil), but because—and I hope it may be found excusable in me—I care very much that the significance of the effort and achievement represented by *Scrutiny* should be understood. For *Scrutiny* to have flirted with Marxism would have been to stultify the clear conception of function, ethos and means without which it could not have come into being and could neither have lasted so long nor had so much influence. In Mr. Bentley's *The Importance of Scrutiny* Mr. Cruttwell will find, printed as Appendix A, my introduction to *Towards Standards of Criticism,* the selection from the *Calendar of Modern Letters* that was in the press when the first few numbers of *Scrutiny* were coming out. In that Introduction I discuss at length the nature and conditions of a possible successor to the *Calendar* that should effectively assert the function of criticism and keep it alive in a civilisation in which, as the failure of the intelligent and lively *Calendar* showed, a serious critical organ could not maintain itself in the old business way. The conception outlined is essentially and explicitly anti-Marxist, postulating as it does spiritual and humane tradition as something that should be *determining;* something that can manifest itself in decisive human choice, valuation and purpose; something, consequently, that it becomes of peculiar importance to strengthen in days when the material conditions of life change so rapidly and insidiously. I assert a 'different position' from the Marxist: 'that of those who think that the inevitability (and desirability) of drastic social changes makes an active concern for cultural continuity the more essential, and that the conditions of clear thinking, and of wisdom with regard to human values and ends, do not need the less attention because we are, inevitably, to suffer more confusion and disorientation'.

What the Introduction sets forth are the considerations, ideas and plans of those who were then engaged in founding *Scrutiny;* the publication of *Towards Standards of Criticism* was a part of the campaign. The distinctive note of the Introduction—the association of the particular kind of concern for the function of criticism with a hint at the peculiar responsibilities of those engaged professionally in education—will be found in the Manifesto that opens the first number. I record these facts by way of enforcing my point that *Scrutiny* represented from the first a considered and explicit anti-Marxist

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conception and purpose. Why should Mr. Cruttwell suppose (as he seems to do) that his assembled passages go any way towards proving the contrary—or would have gone any way, even if they had been more impressive in the sense he suggests? There are over forty different contributors in the first half-dozen or so numbers. The Editors thought of the function of criticism as involving an interplay between different points of view; they were anxious to transcend as soon and as decisively as possible the parochial circumstances of the start in a small Cambridge group; and it certainly didn't occur to them to demand a subscription to a *Scrutiny* orthodoxy from persons invited to contribute. They rejected unsolicited essays in the fashionable literary Marxism, and they dropped as soon as possible contributors who turned out to be inclined to that kind of thing; but if the only man they knew of qualified to write with information about (say) a book on Russian literature was a Marxist, they saw no reason for not asking him to review it. They had no sympathy with Auden's Fellow-travelling propensities; but he was Oxford, they thought him talented, and they judged (rightly, I think) that there were certain kinds of book of which he could be counted on to write lively and profitable reviews; so they asked him. They were innocent enough, too, in those days to be looking out hopefully for opportunities of breaking down the coterie system. That *Scrutiny had* a position in relation to Marxism, and that it was an antagonistic one—about this there was no ambiguity. The anti-Marxism of the Manifesto, they had the best of reasons for knowing, had been taken, and (a fact I re-emphasize, since Mr. Cruttwell ignores it) the third and fourth numbers opened with anti-Marxist statements of position, explicitly editorial.

What I am intent on conveying is that the 'disengagement' noted by Mr. Cruttwell was something quite other than an adroitness of evasion, a successful 'slipperiness'. It was a very positive affair, demanding a tenacity of positive faith and commitment. *Scrutiny* stood for a conception of literary criticism as important *because* neither compatible with Marxism nor conceivably dogmatic in approach; important in itself, and important as typifying and fostering a kind of effort that it is peculiarly necessary to promote in liberal societies today. I will permit myself to say again that the positive nature of the 'disengagement' that kept *Scrutiny* going for twenty years and enabled it to have so much influence—the whole positive conception of function and of the significance of the effort—is what is defined and argued in *Education and the University*. If I insist in this way, it is not merely because of the weakness of preferring that an arduous past in which one figured should be justly appreciated. In thinking of the past I am thinking of the present and the future. I believe (I hope I may be pardoned) that the achievement and history of *Scrutiny* have the most important significance for anyone who is seriously concerned about the prevailing state of letters in England. I am convinced that sustained and multiplied effort of the kind represented by *Scrutiny* is desperately needed. I have reason, however, for supposing that Mr. Cruttwell

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takes a happier view than myself of the plight of the critical function in England to-day, and thinks it absurd to see in it any alarming new development of civilisation. That difference, I think, has its relation to his dismissing the matter of my protest as trivial, and to his feeling (it seems) that, in doing so, he can without flagrant indecency conclude in a general discrediting allegation —in the imputation to me of a proved ungenerous and petty quarrelsomeness.

Yours truly,

F. R. LEAVIS

Cambridge, England

ED. NOTE—*Mr. Patrick Cruttwell writes that he has "No Comment" to make on the above letter.*

Dear Sirs,

Mr. George McFadden's excellent exposition of the libretto for Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* (Hudson Review, Spring, 1955) defeats its professed purpose in a manner inviting comment. By proving that "the libretto as a whole contains much which the critics seem to have missed," Mr. McFadden unintentionally and incidentally demonstrates that the Auden-Kallman text is much too subtle and wily to succeed otherwise than as closet drama. There are reasons for its lack of vitality on the opera stage and for Mr. Joseph Kerman's having suggested that the ending be re-written. Mr. McFadden himself agrees, for example, that Tom Rakewell "is not a rake." In a poetic drama for reading or for spoken performance in a small auditorium that might be all to the good. But a libretto, a text to be sung on the stage of an opera-house, defeats itself by being over-subtle, by depending for its basic effects on fine-spun philosophical, religious, or ethical conceptions certain to be lost in the singing. Opera must deal in broad strokes, generalities, vigorous conceptions of character and situation, typical emotions.

Mr. McFadden writes that the "plot . . . holds together of itself and supports the music of Stravinsky with lyrics of a simple and classic beauty which it would be hard to match in modern English verse," a judgment correct but beside the point. The point is that the libretto remains too subtle, not broad and vigorous enough, and proved refractory to convincingly dramatic musical treatment even by Stravinsky. The opera is crowded with philosophic, linguistic, and musical beauties of a very high order. But it has not proved viable music drama on the stage, and I should go beyond Mr. Kerman's tempered assignment of blame by saying that the explanation lies in precisely the sorts of special literary excellence Mr. McFadden has demonstrated the Auden-Kallman text to depend upon for its central meanings.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

New York, New York

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Dear Sirs,

Mr. Flint's exegesis and defense of "the new Poundians" in your Spring 1955 issue is so scrupulous and sympathetic that I should hesitate to use it as occasion for any remarks whatsoever, were it not that the very adequacy of his statement makes me want to remove from it one small misunderstanding. It is true that I assert, in the essay Mr. Flint is reviewing, that the "states of mind, visionary experiences, qualities of being, which the poet celebrates . . . are really *there* . . . and not merely illustrations for a humanist ethic"; this is admirably summarized; but I don't mean to make such an assertion "with platonic *sang-froid*." Plato wouldn't have said that these realities were really there, but that they were really *somewhere else*, though it is true that he would have agreed with Aristotle, as against, say, William of Ockham, that they were at any rate *real* and not importations of the arranging mind. It seems to me that if the reader is invited to consider them in a Platonic manner, he is taken right back to the "Symbolism"—what is *in* the poem a mere sampling of "the spume that plays upon a ghostly paradigm of things"—from which Mr. Flint is everywhere else at such great pains (rightly) to dissociate Pound. "In nature are signatures," observes Mr. Pound elsewhere in the same issue; "oak leaf never plane leaf": and the analogy of the leaves is powerful enough to keep even the adjacent mention of John Heydon from pulling the statement into an orthodox Platonic orbit. Oak leaf is never plane leaf, but spume is everywhere spume.

HUGH KENNER

Santa Barbara, California.

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